

A FAWCETT MAGAZINE

DEC.

# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

10¢  
NO. 35



THRILL-A-MINUTE SKY STORIES!



A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

Executive Editor  
**LIEBERSON**

Editor  
**D KRAUS**



## CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS KNOWN TO MANY AS ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT INVENTORS, BUT ONLY A TRUSTED FEW KNOW THAT IT IS HE WHO DONS THE BLAZING UNIFORM THAT SPELLS TERROR TO AXIS RATS AND BECOMES THAT IRON-FISTED FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM-CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT.

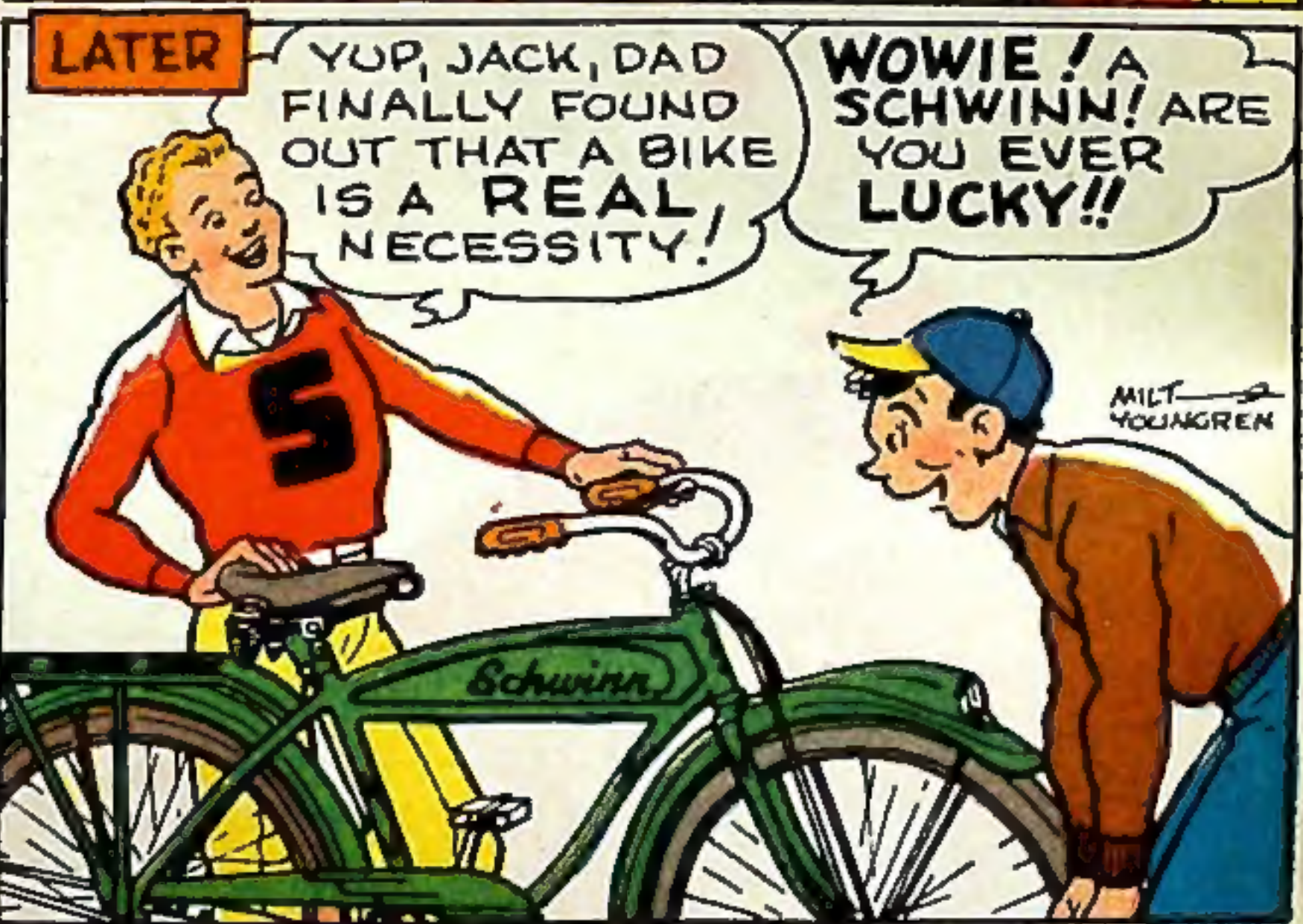
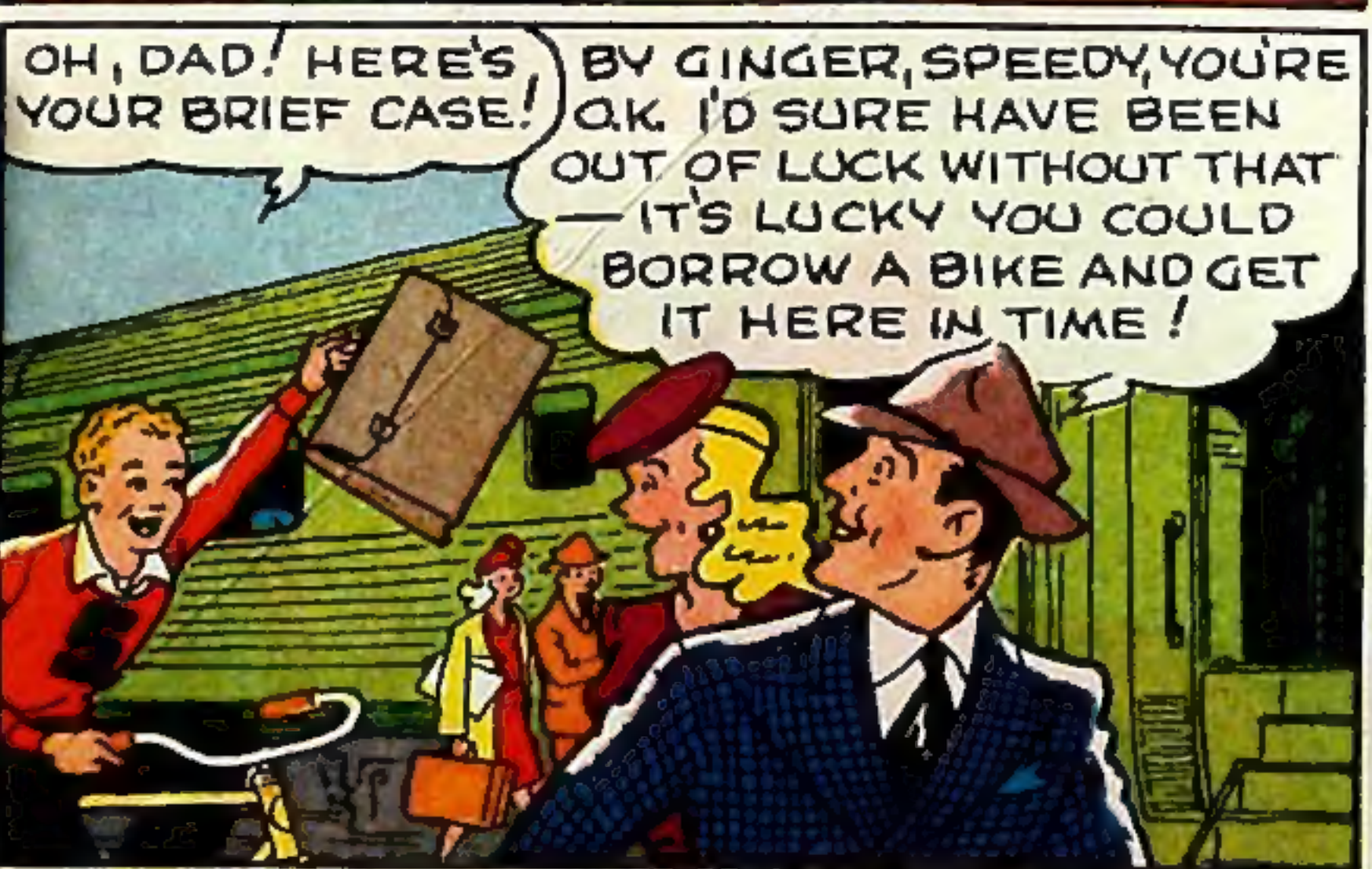


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# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

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## CALLING FOR PAPER!!

THIS IS **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT**  
CALLING **JOHNNY BLAIR!** JOHNNY,  
YOU'VE GOT A SPECIAL MESSAGE  
FOR OUR READERS. LET'S  
HAVE IT! **OVER!!**



**JOHNNY BLAIR SPEAKING!** FELLAS AND  
GIRLS, YOU CAN'T ALL BE IN THE ARMED  
FORCES, OR **CIVIL AIR PATROL!** BUT  
**YOU CAN HELP WIN THE WAR BY**  
**COLLECTING PAPER AND**  
**TURNING IT IN TO MAKE THE**  
**TOOLS OF WAR! START**  
**NOW! ROGER!**



**TURN IN WASTE PAPER AND TIN SCRAP TO YOUR LOCAL SALVAGE DEPOT!**

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We are trying to cooperate 100% in the war effort. With this aim in view, and due to the paper shortage, we are cutting down on the number of copies of each magazine printed. We therefore suggest that you ask your news dealer to reserve your copy of your favorite comics, just to make sure he isn't all sold out when you get to the stand. Incidentally, if the issue isn't on sale the day we announced it would be, remember the transportation difficulties. Every now and then a magazine will be late, even though we'll do our best to avoid it. We're cooperating! Will you?

**RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!**

December, 1945. Vol. 6, No. 35

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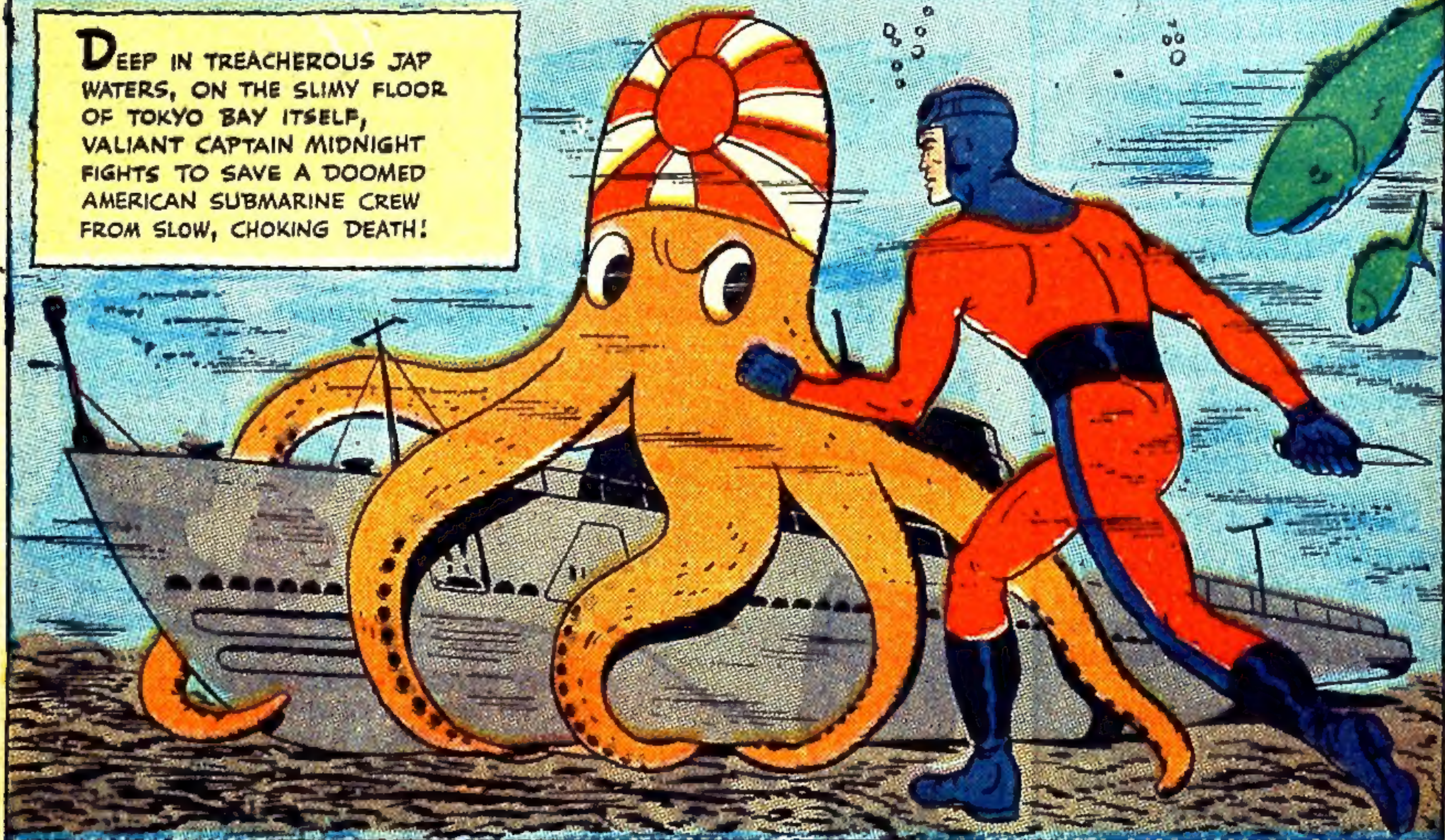
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# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

...WALKS THE FLOOR  
OF TOKYO BAY!

DEEP IN TREACHEROUS JAP  
WATERS, ON THE SLIMY FLOOR  
OF TOKYO BAY ITSELF,  
VALIANT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT  
FIGHTS TO SAVE A DOOMED  
AMERICAN SUBMARINE CREW  
FROM SLOW, CHOKING DEATH!



AN AMERICAN SUBMARINE  
STEALS INTO TOKYO BAY!

IF THE NIPS  
KNEW WE WERE  
HERE THEY'D  
HAVE FITS!

THEY'LL HAVE  
'EM ANYWAY  
WHEN WE SHOOT  
TORPEDOES INTO  
THAT WHARFIDE  
WAREHOUSE!



GOOD 'STROKE OF  
OUR INTELLIGENCE,  
LEARNING ABOUT  
THE NEW MAGNETIC  
JAP MINES ---  
THEY'LL MENACE  
OUR FLEET, UNLESS  
WE BLAST THEM  
NOW!

MIGHTY  
DUMB OF  
THE JAPS  
TO PUT  
THEIR  
ENTIRE  
SUPPLY  
IN ONE  
WAREHOUSE!  
WHAT A  
TARGET!



BUT THE JAPS HAVE  
ALREADY SPRINKLED  
TOKYO BAY WITH THE  
DEADLY NEW MINES!





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



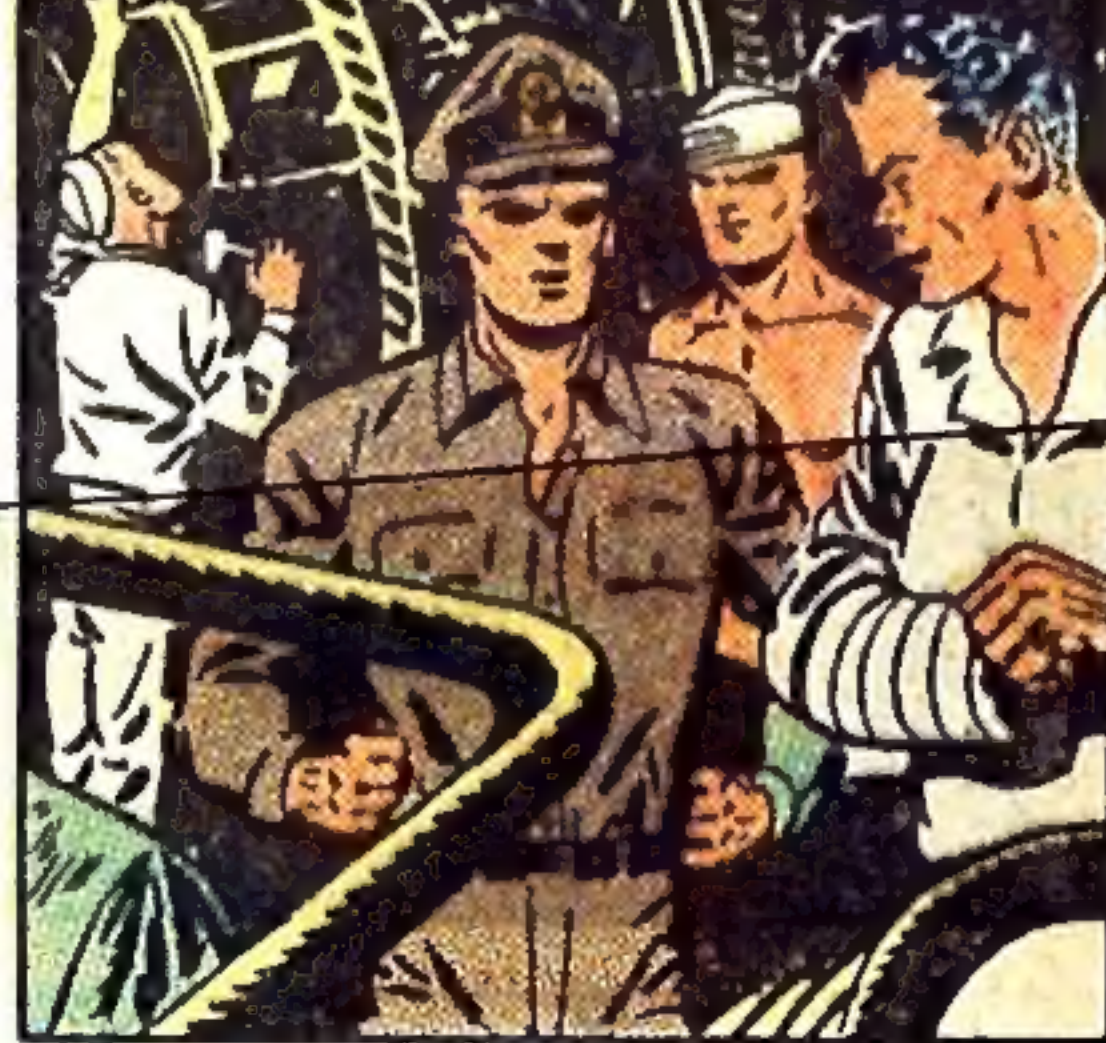
THE FRONT COMPARTMENTS ARE FLOODED, SIR! AND THE DIESELS ARE SCRAP METAL NOW!

GREAT SCOTT! OUR OXYGEN SUPPLY IS ALMOST EXHAUSTED!



LET'S FACE IT, MEN! ONLY THE JAPS CAN SAVE US---AND THEY WON'T!

I'M AFRAID WE'RE DONE FOR!



... IS BELIEVED MANY SURVIVORS ARE TRAPPED IN DEEP WATER---BUT NATURALLY NO VALUABLE NIPPONESE LIVES WILL BE RISKED TO AID THESE INVADERS!

RADIO TOKYO



AT AN EXPERIMENTAL NAVAL AVIATION BASE ON THE PACIFIC COAST---

IT'S TRAGIC, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! THINK OF THOSE MEN SLOWLY SUFFOCATING! AND WE CAN'T DO A THING FOR THEM!

MAYBE WE CAN, ADMIRAL!



THAT FLYING BOAT WITH THE FOLDING WINGS, AND A NEW SEA-TUBE INVENTION OF MINE MAY SAVE THEM!

SOUNDS INCREDIBLE--- BUT TAKE ALL MY MEN YOU NEED!



WE'LL NEED PLANE SPACE FOR THE SURVIVORS. ICKY IS HELP ENOUGH!

ME AND THE CAP CAN FIGURE OUT ANYTHING!



AFTER HASTY PREPARATIONS, THE PLANE ROARS WESTWARD --- WITH ALBRIGHT CHANGING TO MIGHTY CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

SAY, CAP'N, HOW ARE WE GONNA LAND IN TOKYO BAY, AND STAY 'HEALTHY?

WE'LL GLIDE IN AT NIGHT, ICK! AND BY DAWN THE JAPS WON'T RECOGNIZE THIS PLANE!



HOURS LATER---

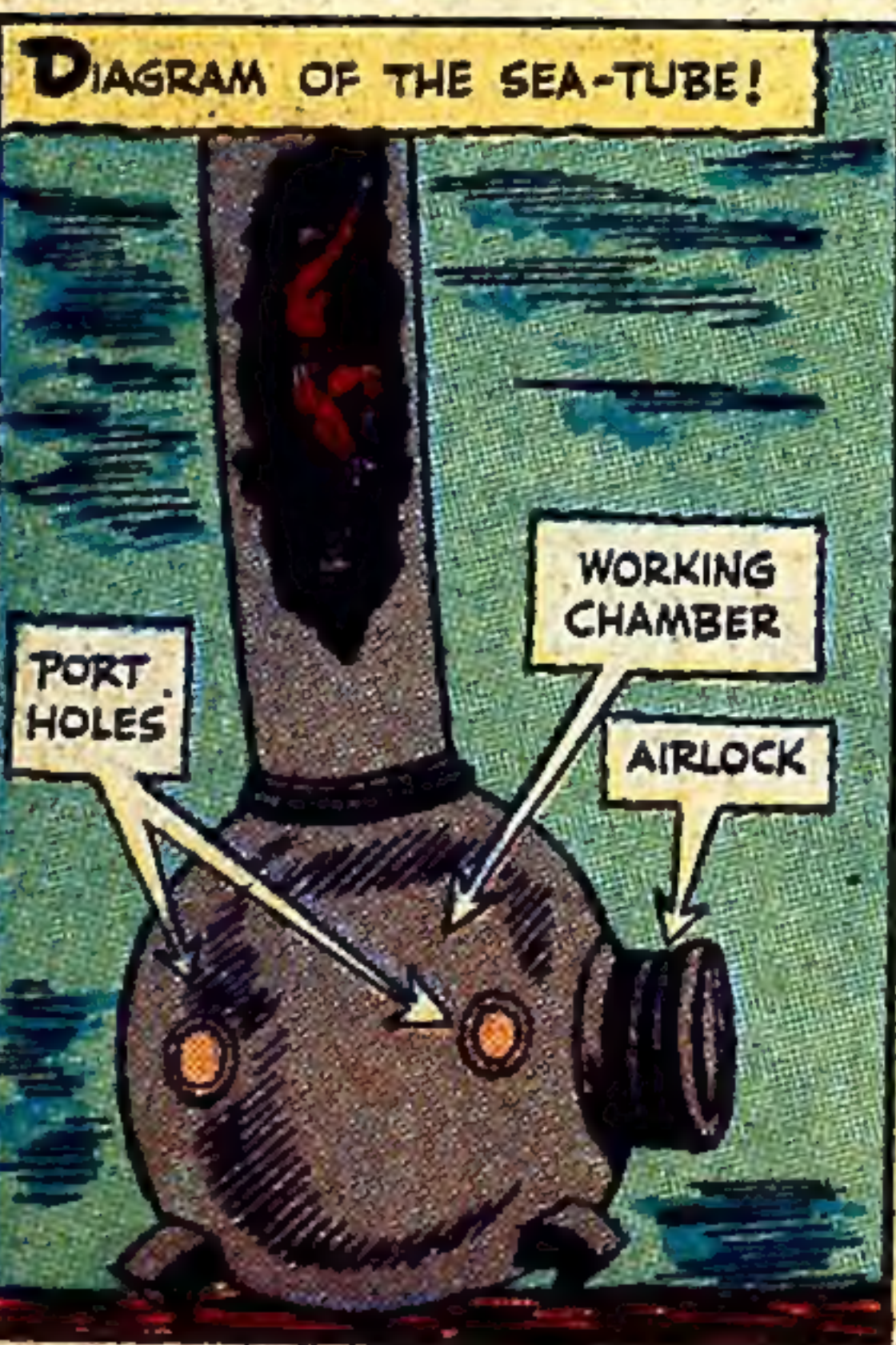
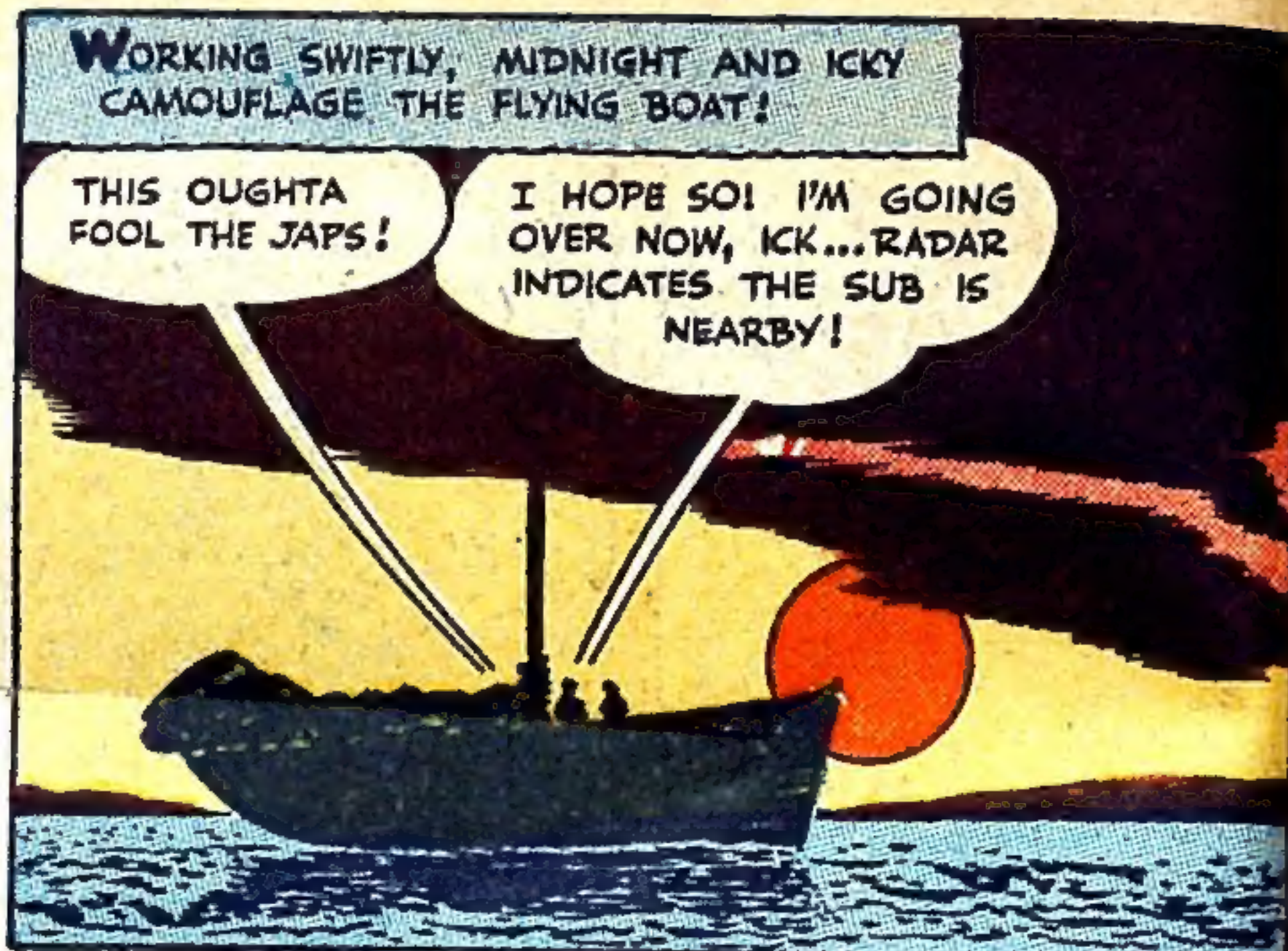
WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER REFUELING STATION?

THIS, ICHABOD, IS TOKYO BAY!





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

THANK GOODNESS ICKY'S CLICKING! WE'RE STILL SAFE! THESE TRAPPED MEN WON'T BE IN SHAPE TO HELP US IN A BATTLE!



CAP --- CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! LOOK, FELLAS --- WE'RE SAVED!

YEAH, SURE --- MIGHT AS WELL DIE WITH HAPPY DREAMS!

PIPE DOWN, GUYS --- YOU'RE WASTING OXYGEN!



HERE, MEN, HAVE SOME OXYGEN PILLS! THEY'LL REVIVE YOU IN A JIFFY!

I AIN'T DREAMIN'! IT'S CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!



MIDNIGHT! THIS IS A MIRACLE!

AS SOON AS YOUR MEN ARE FIT WE'LL CLIMB THE SEA-TUBE!



MEANWHILE ---

HMMM. THE YANKEE SUB IS HEREABOUTS! PERHAPS THIS IS AN EFFORT TO SAVE THEM!

ARE THERE ANY SIGNS OF DIVERS ABOUT HERE?



NO DIVERS, BUT VERY STRANGE OBJECT!

POUR HOT GREASE INTO IT! ANY MEN BELOW WILL HAVE VERY UNPLEASANT DEATH!



AWK! CAP WILL BE FRIED!



BUT THE GREASE, CHILLED BY THE COLD PIPE, HARDENS INTO A MASSIVE PLUG, BLOCKING ANY EXIT!





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



YOU'RE ONLY A FEW HUNDRED FEET FROM FREEDOM --- OH --- OH!



OUR EXIT IS CUT OFF --- AND YOU CAN BET THE JAPS ARE UP THERE, WAITING FOR THE KILL!

GOSH! WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE!



DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, BOYS! WE'VE STILL GOT OUR WITS! AND ICKY'S UP THERE TO HELP US!



IF I CAN PROVE THAT I REALLY AM A FISHERMAN, MAYBE THESE ASSASSINS WILL GO HOME. I'LL CAST A NET OVERBOARD!



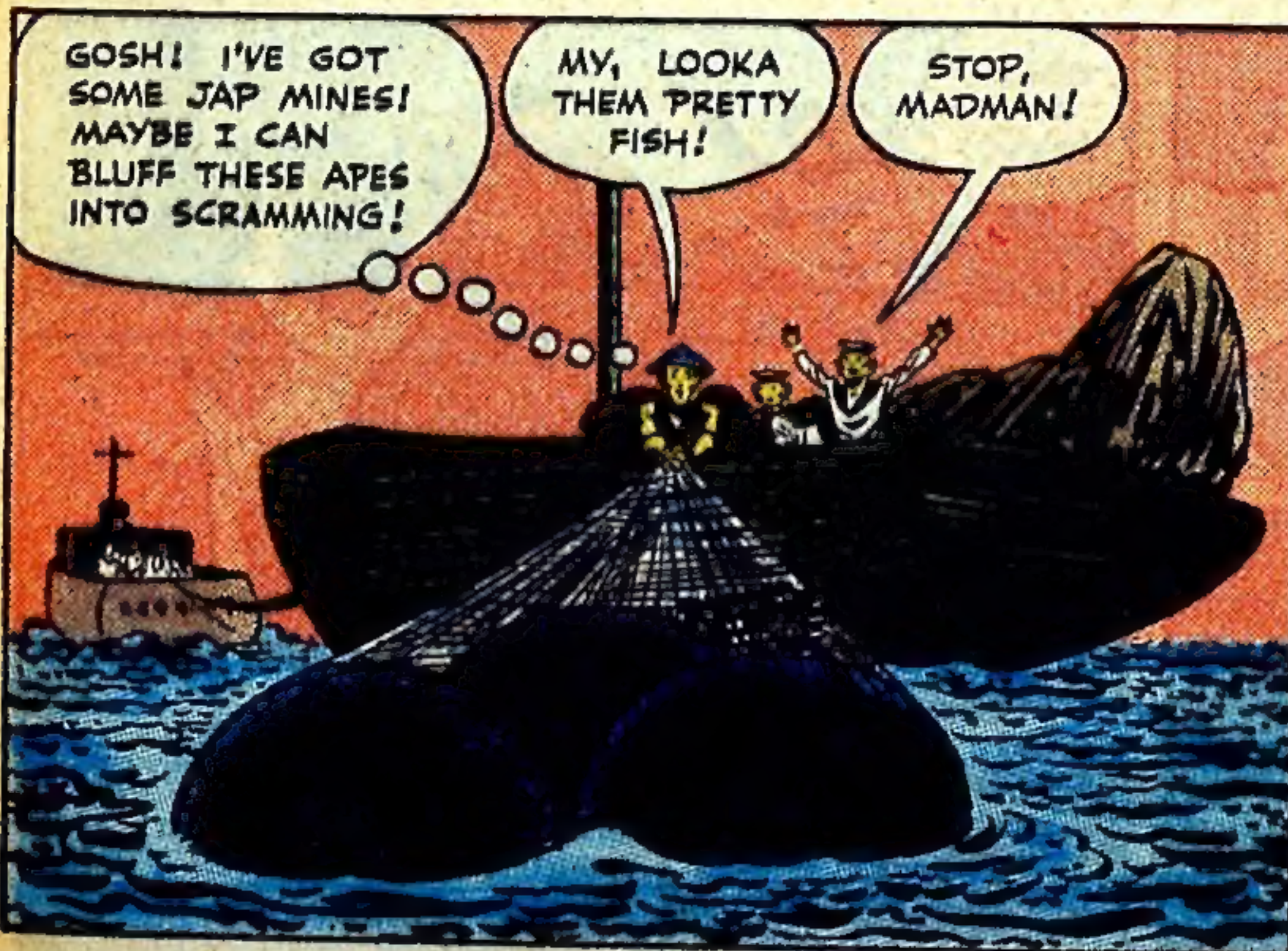
SEE! THE STUPID ONE USES THE NETS!

VERY STUPID! CAPTAIN IS ABOUT TO TOW US IN!



ALL! LOOK AT THE CATCH HE MAKES!

SAVE US, HONORABLE EMPEROR! THE IDIOT WILL KILL US ALL!



GOSH! I'VE GOT SOME JAP MINES! MAYBE I CAN BLUFF THESE APES INTO SCRAMMING!

MY, LOOKA THEM PRETTY FISH!

STOP, MADMAN!



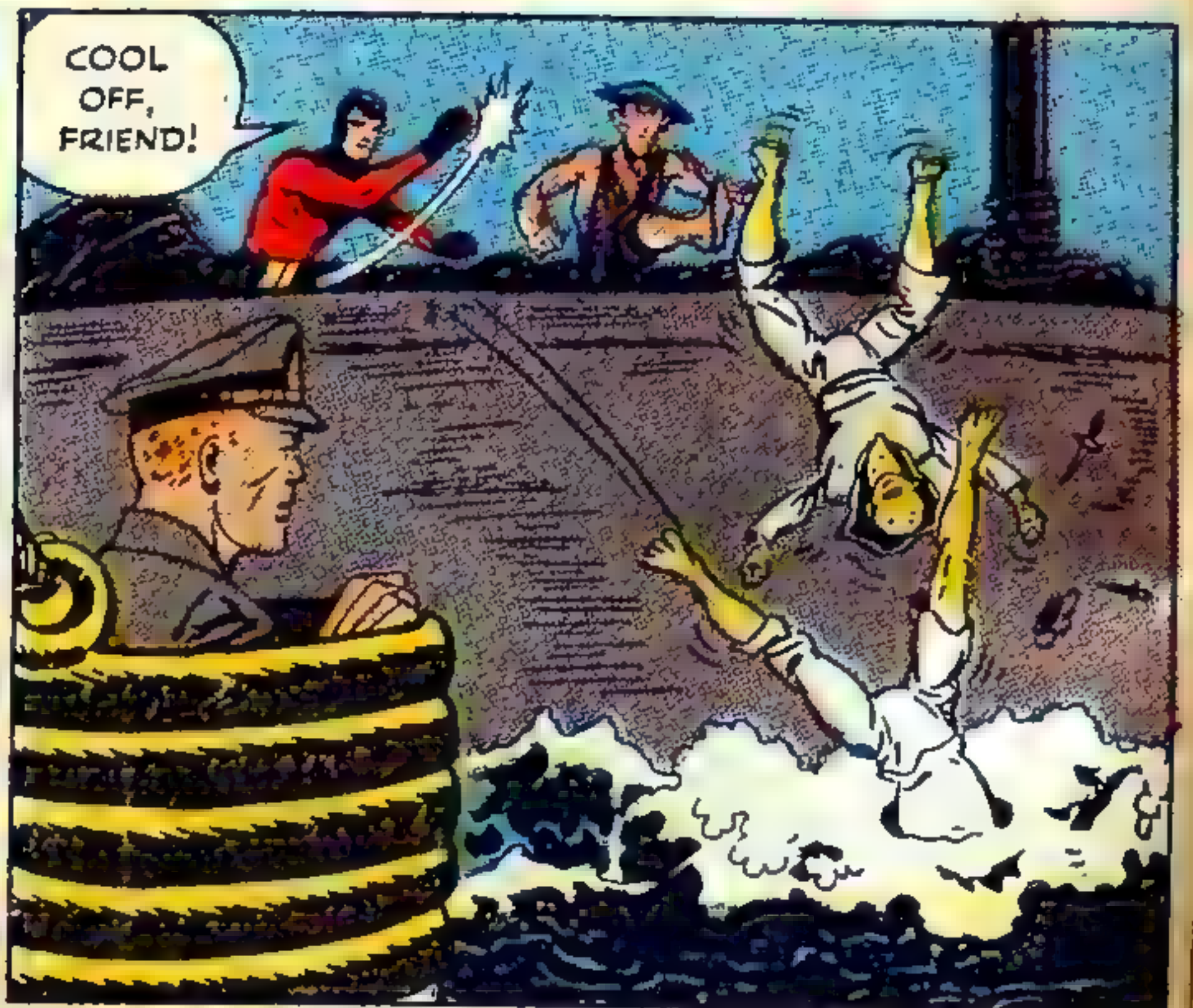
QUICK! GET AWAY BEFORE WE ALL BLOW UP!

YES! BUT WE HAUL WITH US THE STRANGE TUBE!

ICKY'S "FISHING BOAT" IS CUT LOOSE, BUT THE SEA-TUBE REMAINS...



# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





## CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

THE BOAT GROWS WINGS! THE SHOCK AFFECTED MY MIND!

WE DROPPED THE NETS! LET'S TAKE OFF PRONTO!



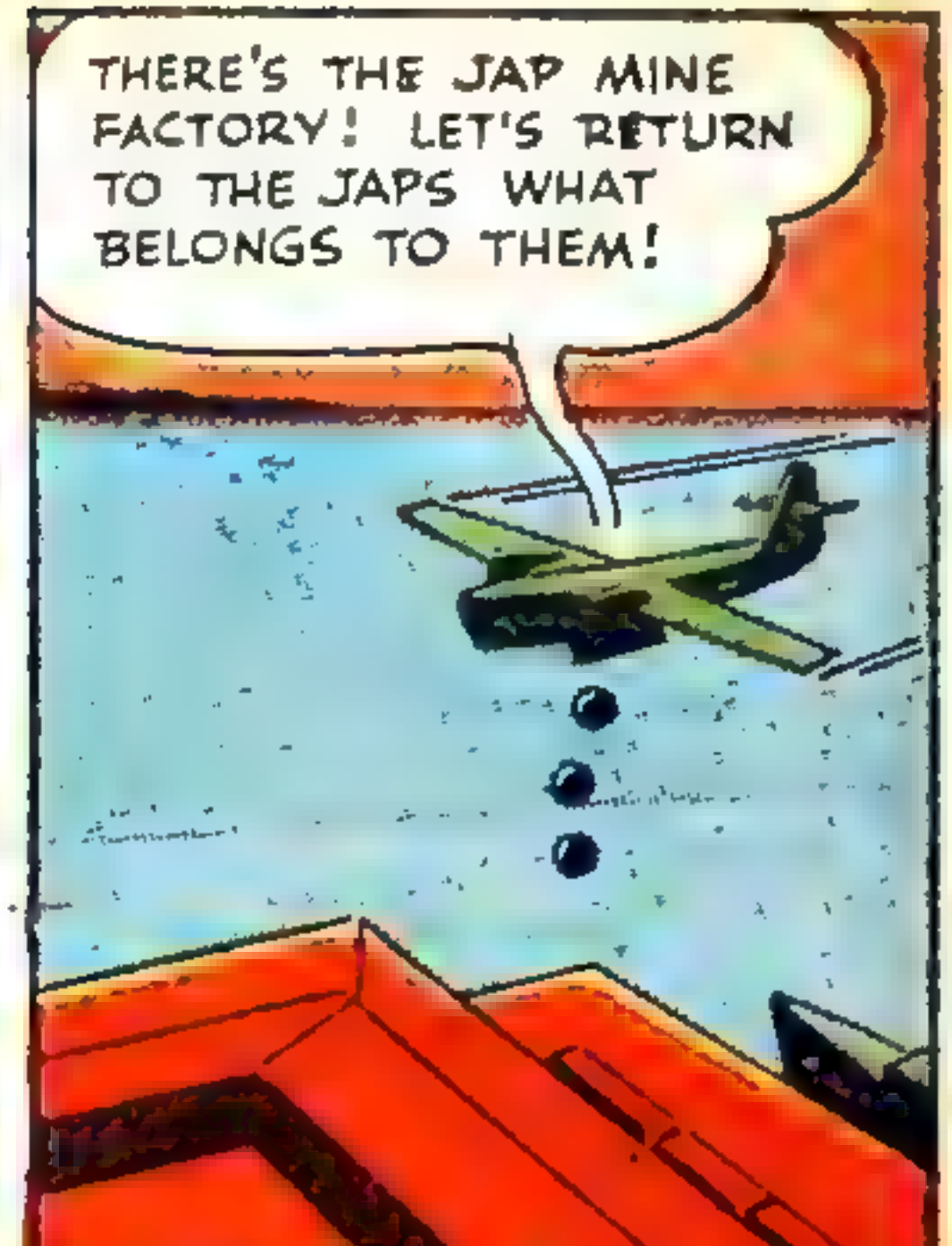
ITS CAMOUFLAGE THROWN INTO THE SEA, THE FLYING BOAT TAKES OFF!

WELL...WE GOT AWAY---GOSH! I FORGOT! THOSE JAP MINES MAY EXPLODE ANY MINUTE!

IN THAT CASE WE'LL CARRY OUT THE ORIGINAL OBJECTIVE OF THE SUB!



THERE'S THE JAP MINE FACTORY! LET'S RETURN TO THE JAPS WHAT BELONGS TO THEM!




TSK-TSK! THE FACTORY'S ALL GONE!

THANKS TO YOU WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND! IT WAS A BRAVE FEAT, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

WE DID IT FOR BRAVE MEN!



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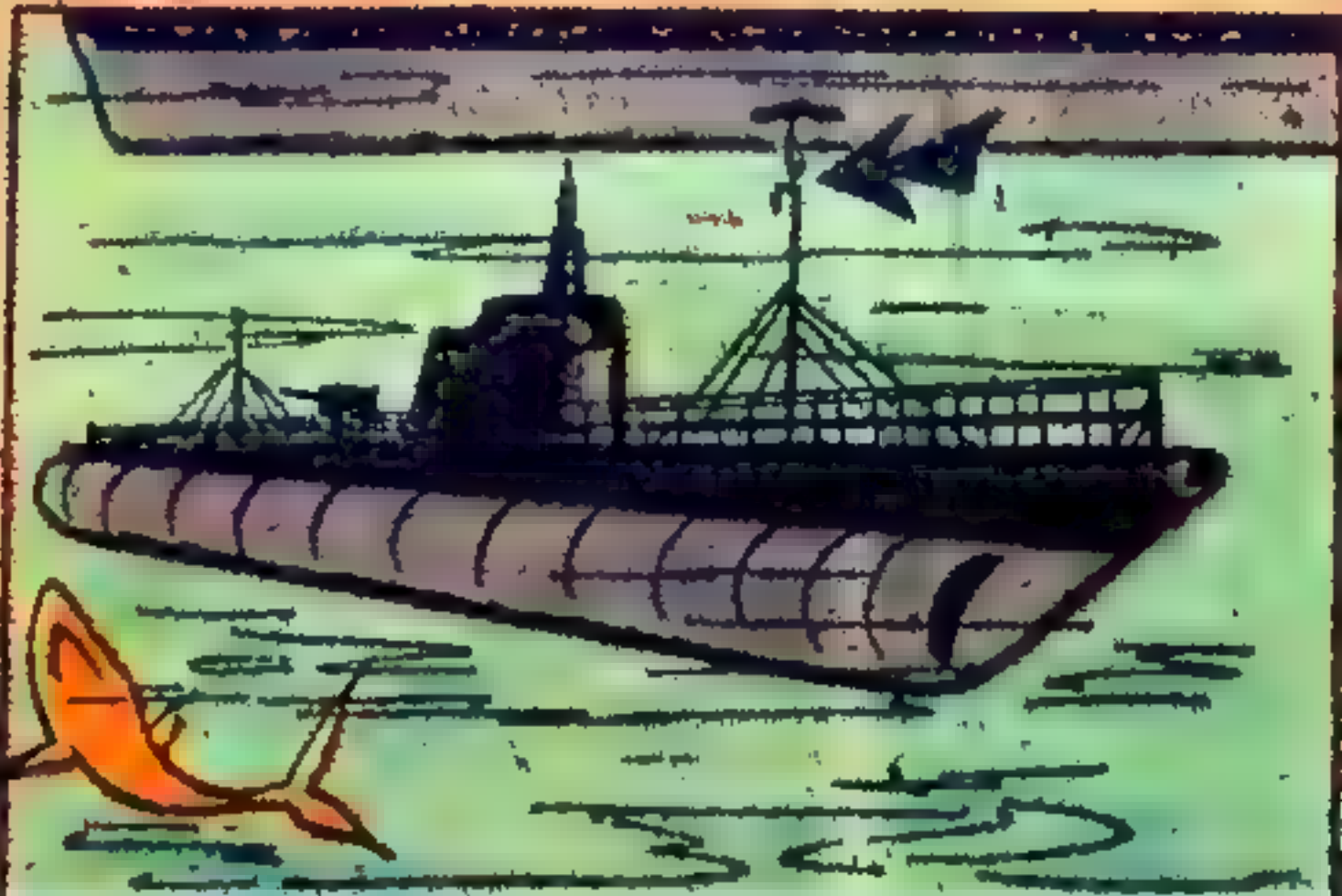


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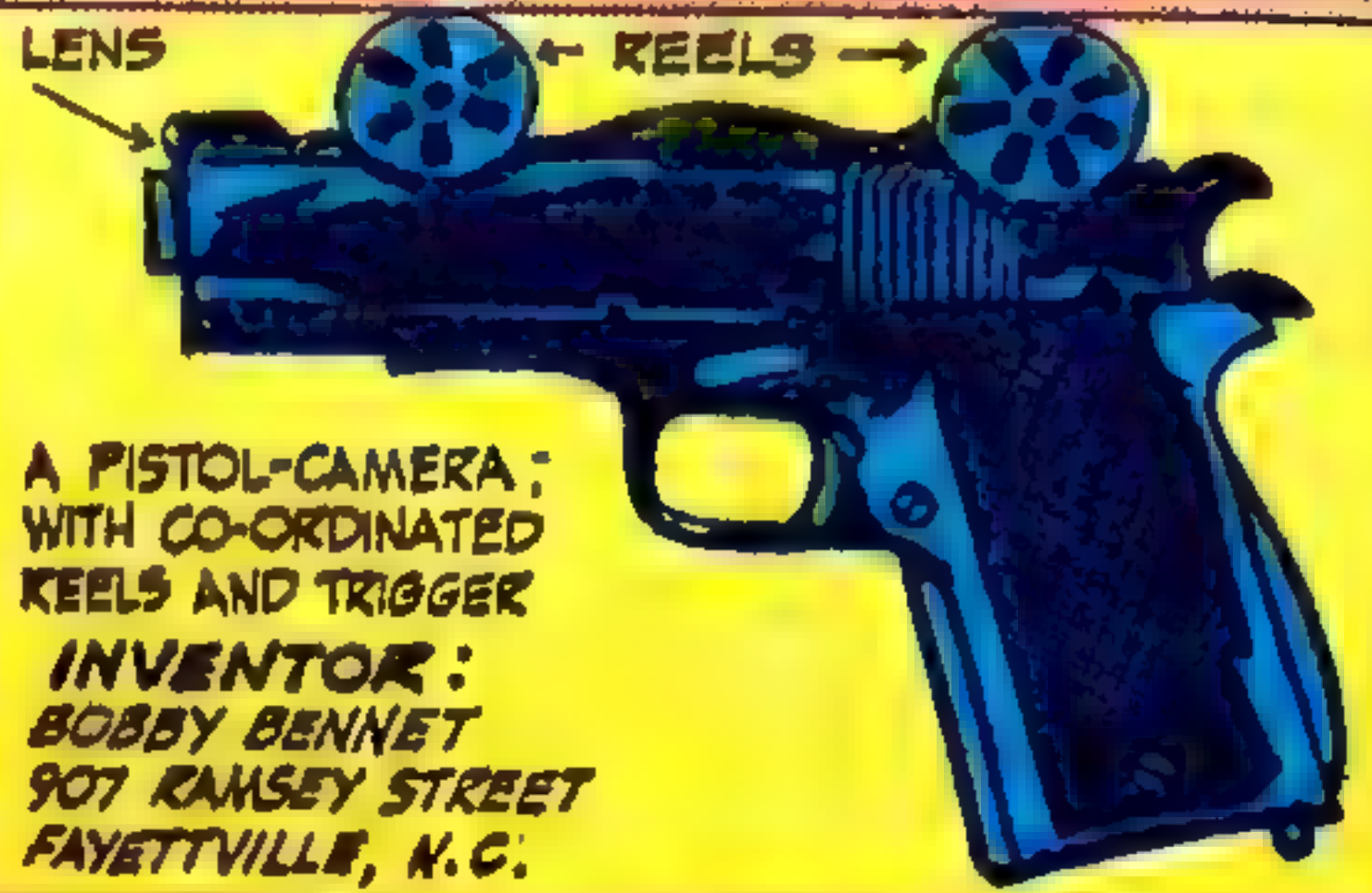
Send your orders to, Capt. Marvel Club, 49 W. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.



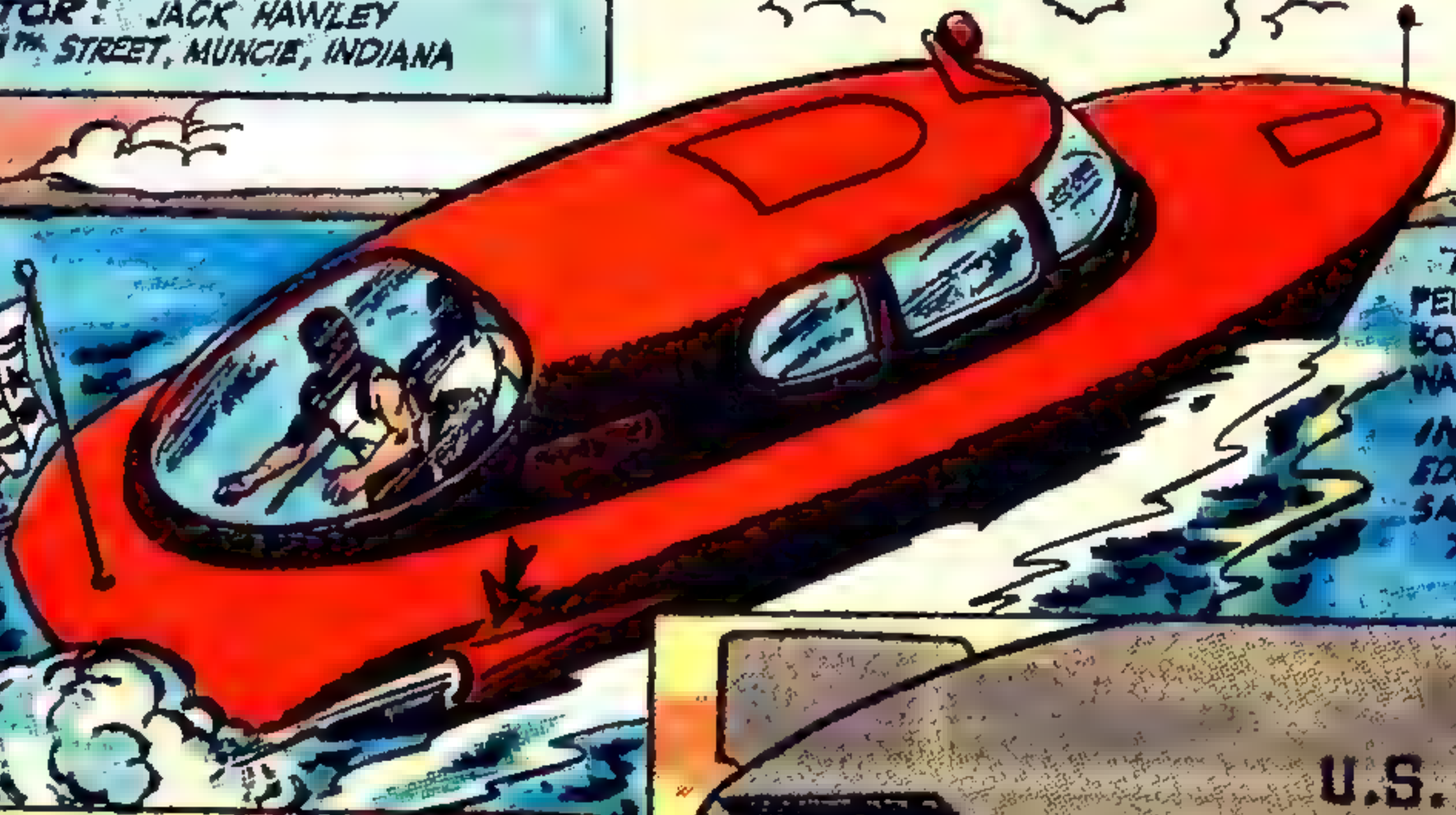
**YOUR INVENTION PAGE!** IDEAS FOR THE WAR OR FOR THE HOME FRONT!  
Again we present some of the best inventions sent in this month by CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT readers! Your invention may be chosen next month. Send it in!



SUBMARINE WHICH HOOKS ITSELF TO SHIP'S BOTTOM, TO GET A FREE RIDE.  
**INVENTOR:** JACK HAWLEY  
2616 E. 8<sup>TH</sup> STREET, MUNCIE, INDIANA



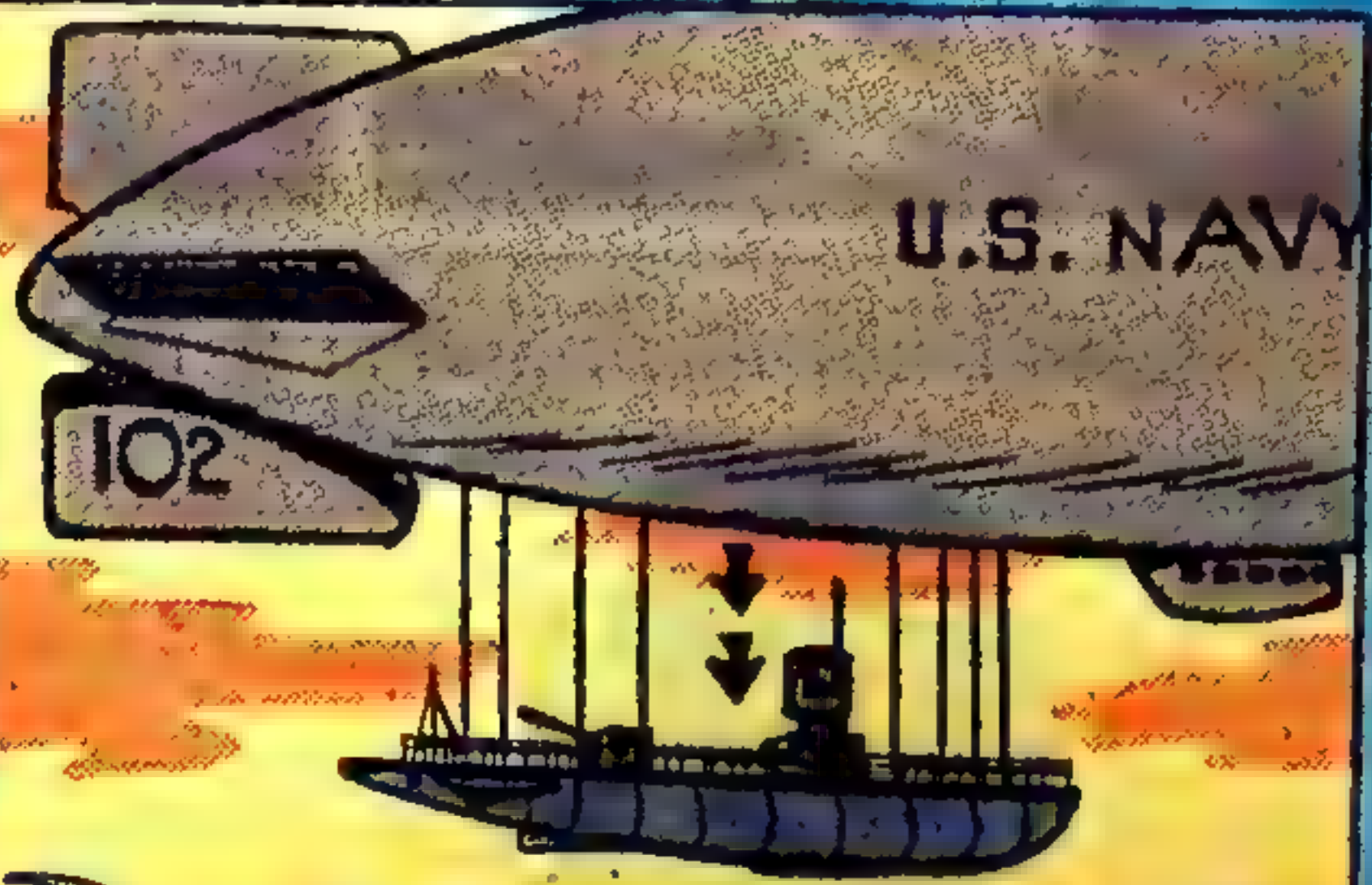
A PISTOL-CAMERA;  
WITH CO-ORDINATED  
KEELS AND TRIGGER  
**INVENTOR:**  
BOBBY BENNET  
907 RAMSEY STREET  
FAYETTEVILLE, N.C.



A JET PRO-  
PELLED MOTOR-  
BOAT, FOR POST-  
WAR VACATIONS.  
**INVENTOR:**  
EDGAR WELLS  
SANDERSON,  
TEXAS



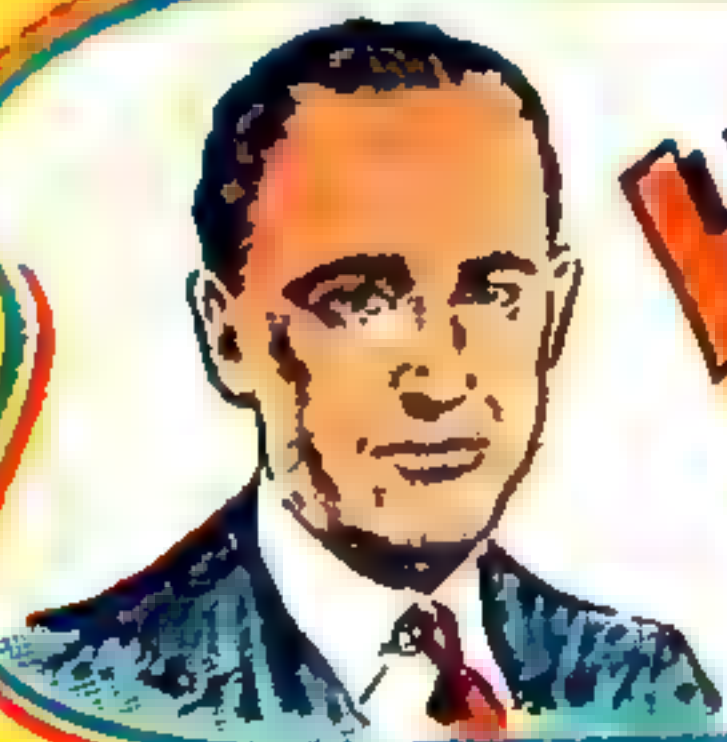
MINES MADE TO LOOK LIKE DRIFTWOOD,  
TO FOOL ONCOMING SHIPS.  
**INVENTOR:** CARROLL GREGG  
541 S.W. 28 OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.



DIRIGIBLE WHICH DROPS TWO-MAN SUBS  
IN ENEMY WATERS.  
**INVENTOR:** TOMMY MAGIERA  
1101 JAMES STREET, DICKSON CITY, PA.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT sends FREE to every contributor a personal CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT INVENTION PATENT.  
Send him YOUR invention at 49 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., and watch for it to appear here.





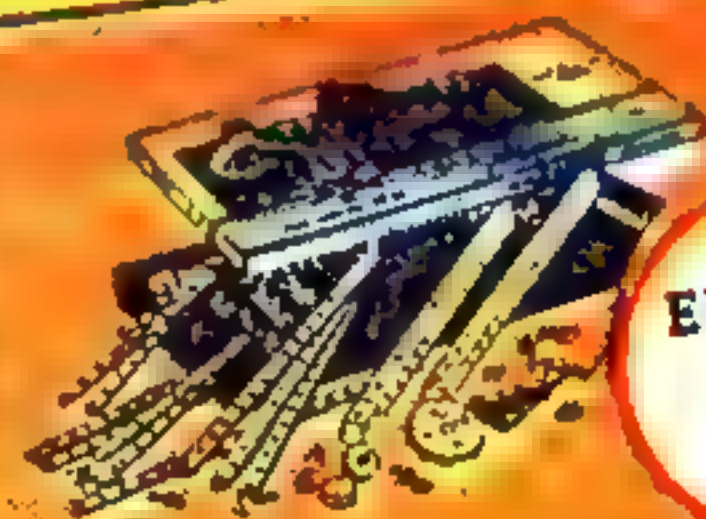
# Hello Boys!

**Do you know all these exciting facts about the famous GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE?**



**Do you know**

that the Gilbert Hall of Science is the largest scientific exhibit of its kind in the world? Visit it when you are in New York—at Fifth Avenue and 25th Street.



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## ERECTOR

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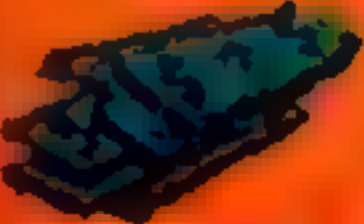


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Do you know that Mr. Gilbert will award prizes totalling \$700.00 to boys doing the most important scientific research in 1946? Write for details. Gilbert Hall of Science, 44 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.

Do you know that when you see the words "developed at the Gilbert Hall of Science" on a scientific outfit, you can be sure it is the finest made?





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



FLASH! CONVICTS JUMPING OUT OF JAIL IN MASS ESCAPES! WE MUST FIND CRIMINAL MASTERMIND SERGEANT TWILIGHT, WHOSE TWISTED BRAIN CREATED **THE POWERFUL POGO!!**



**S**ERGEANT TWILIGHT, ALIAS ICHABOD MUDD, DEMONSTRATES HIS LATEST CREATION.

GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN! WHERE ARE THE OTHER FINANCIERS I INVITED TO SEE THE POWERFUL POGO IN ACTION?

THOSE STUFFED SHIRTS MUSTA THOUGHT IT WAS TOO WACKY, BUT MY--ER--GROUP IS INTERESTED!

GOOD! IT'S THE TRANSPORTATION OF THE FUTURE! EASY ON GAS, EASY TO PARK---

SAVE THE CHATTER! LET'S SEE IT WORK!

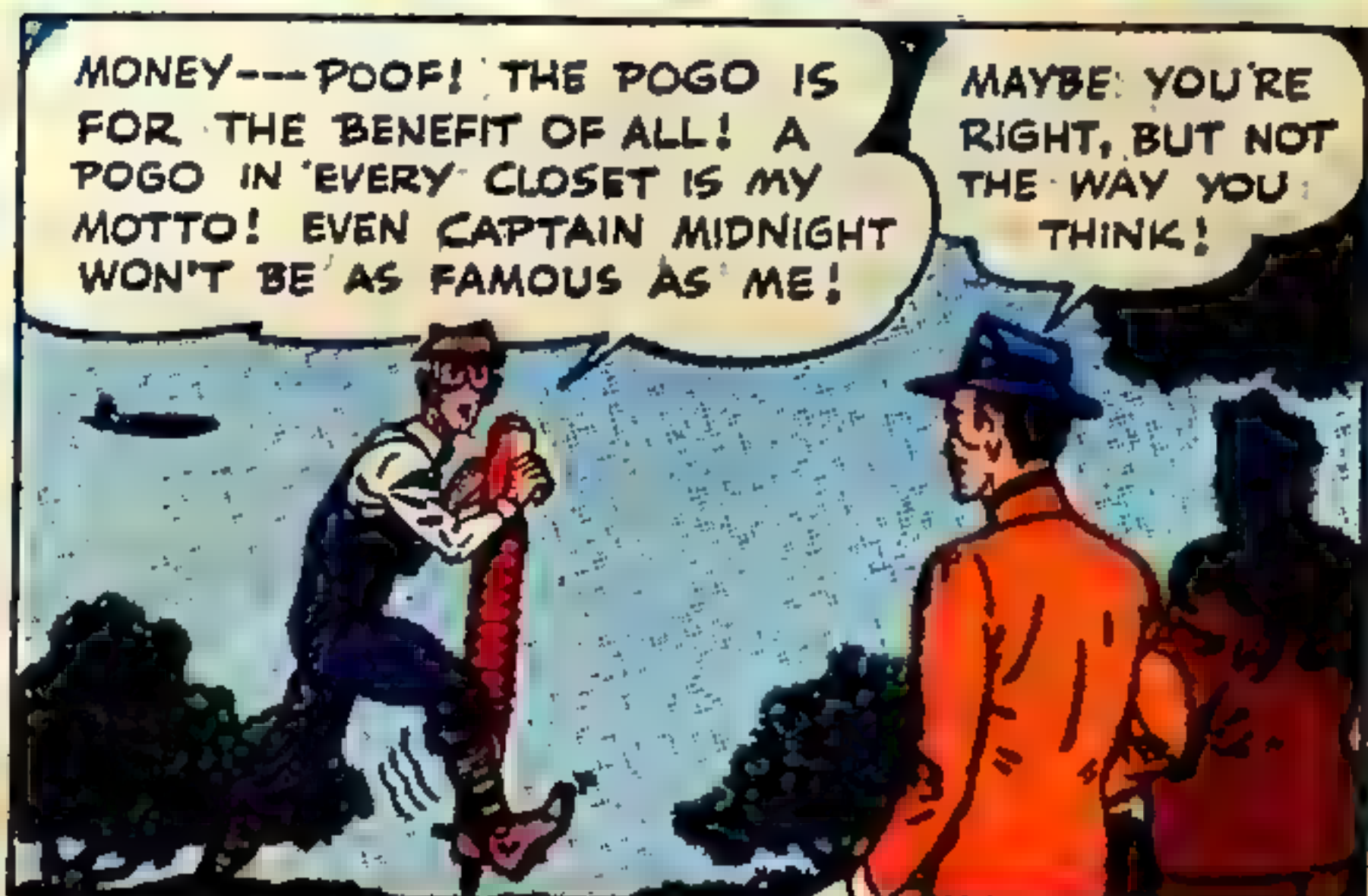
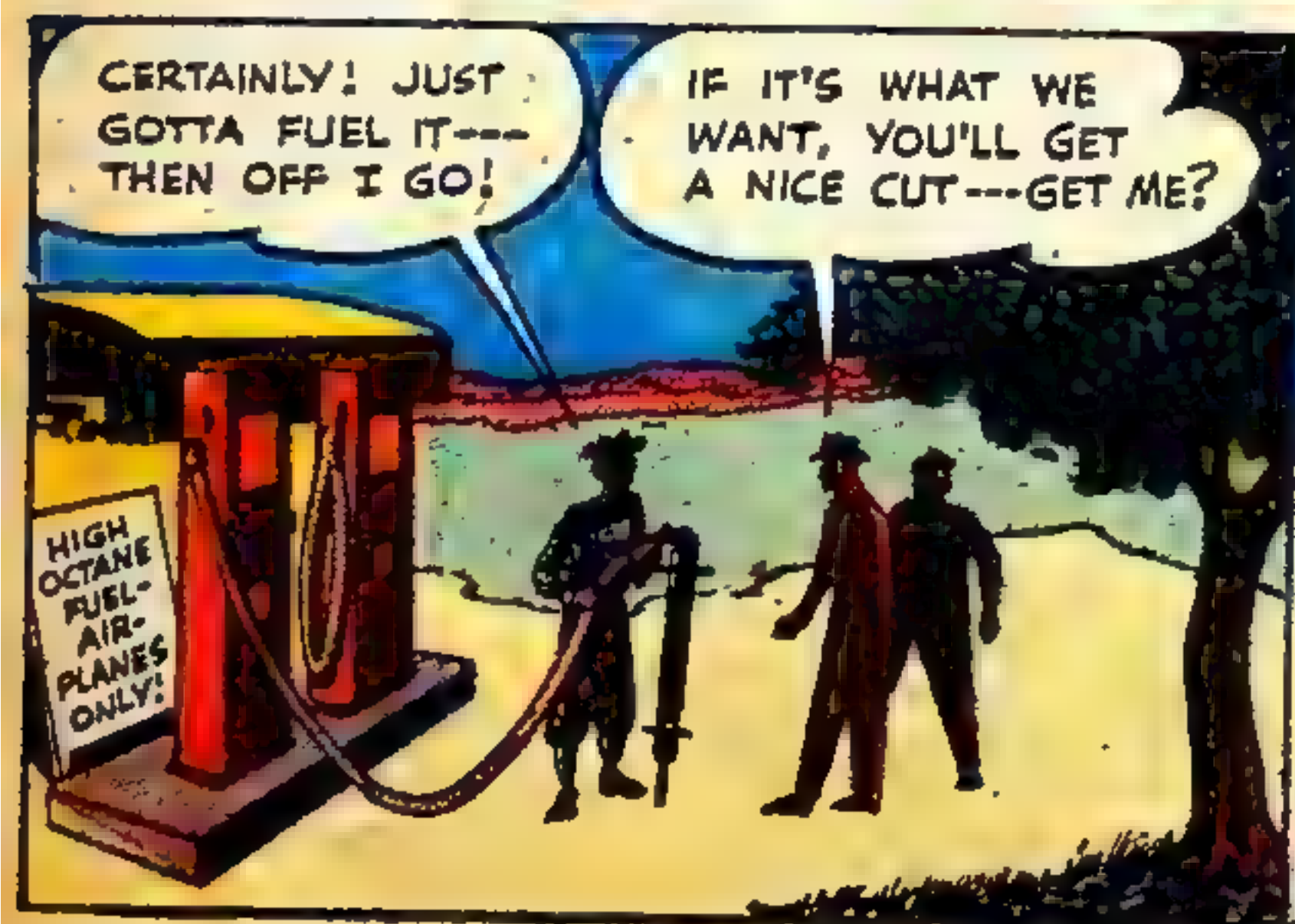


CERTAINLY! JUST GOTTA FUEL IT--- THEN OFF I GO!

IF IT'S WHAT WE WANT, YOU'LL GET A NICE CUT---GET ME?

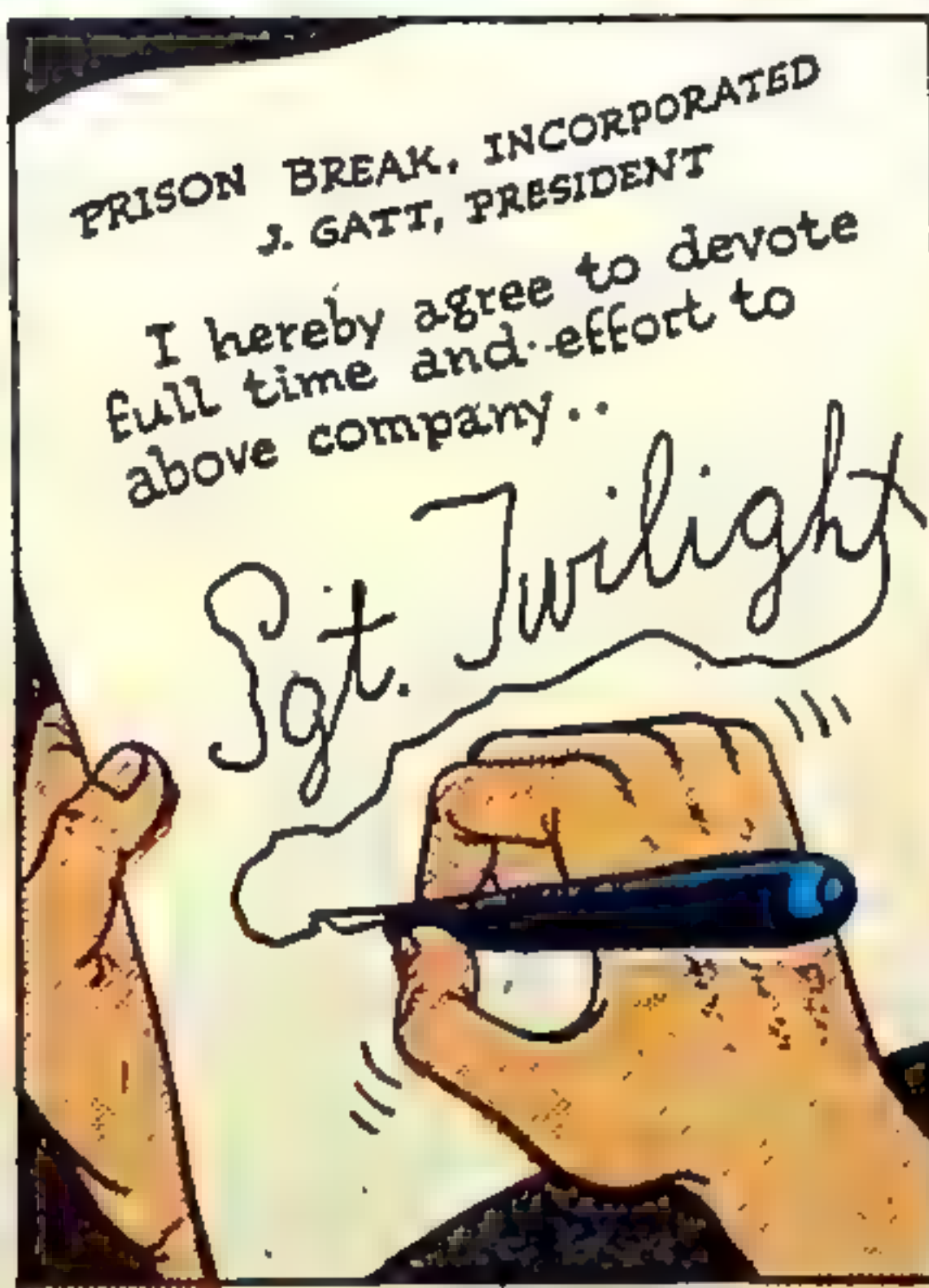
MONEY---POOF! THE POGO IS FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL! A POGO IN EVERY CLOSET IS MY MOTTO! EVEN CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WON'T BE AS FAMOUS AS ME!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK!



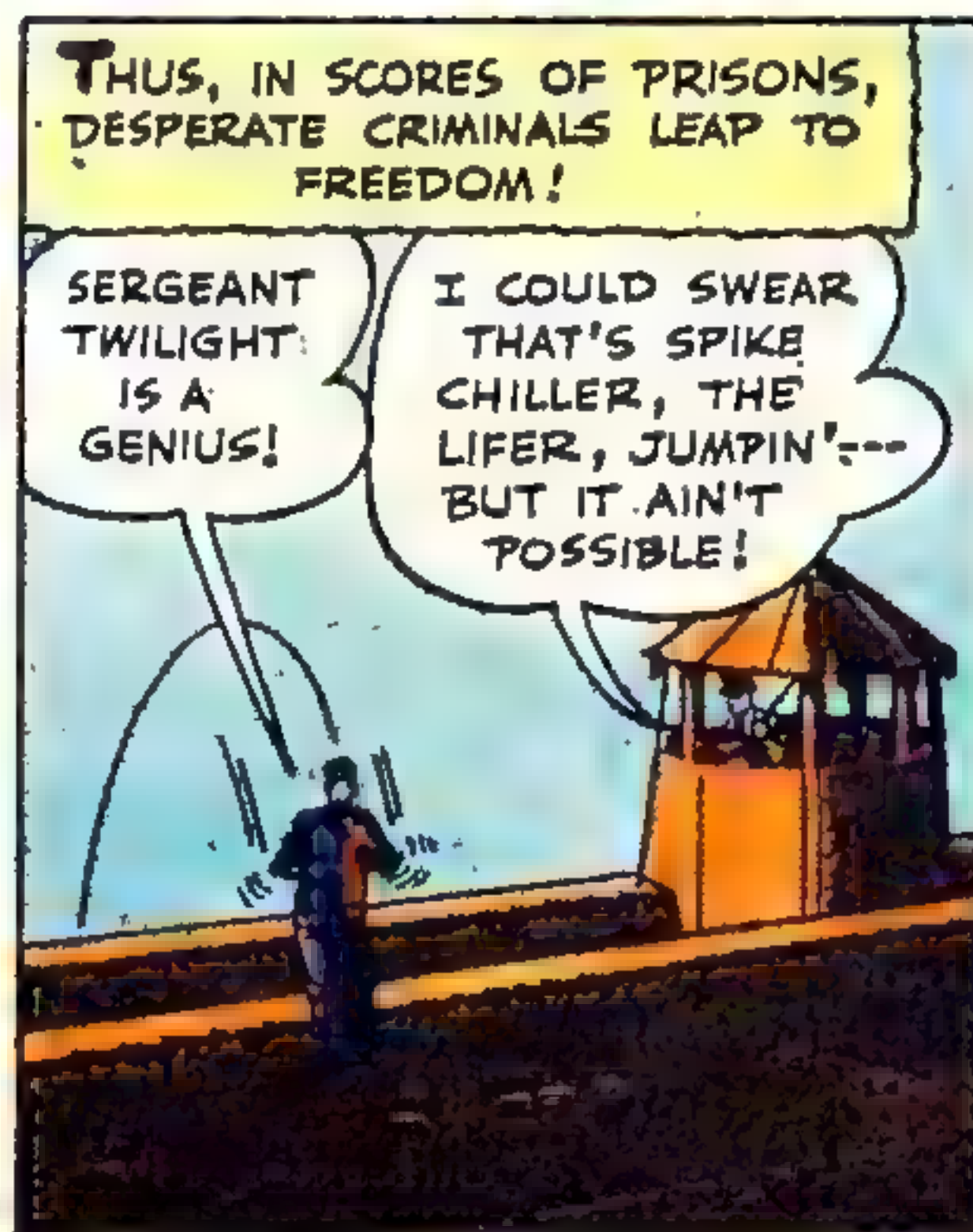


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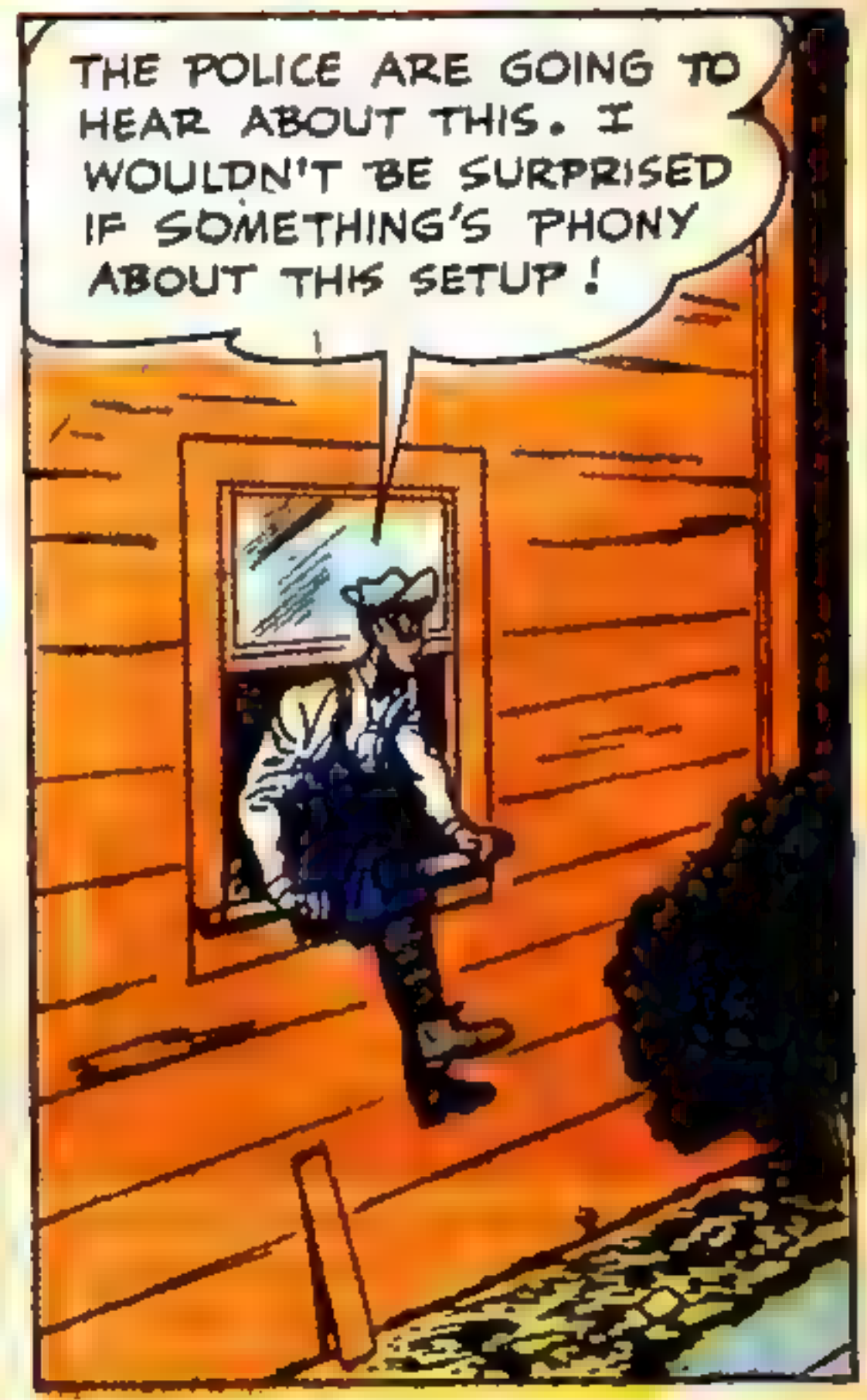


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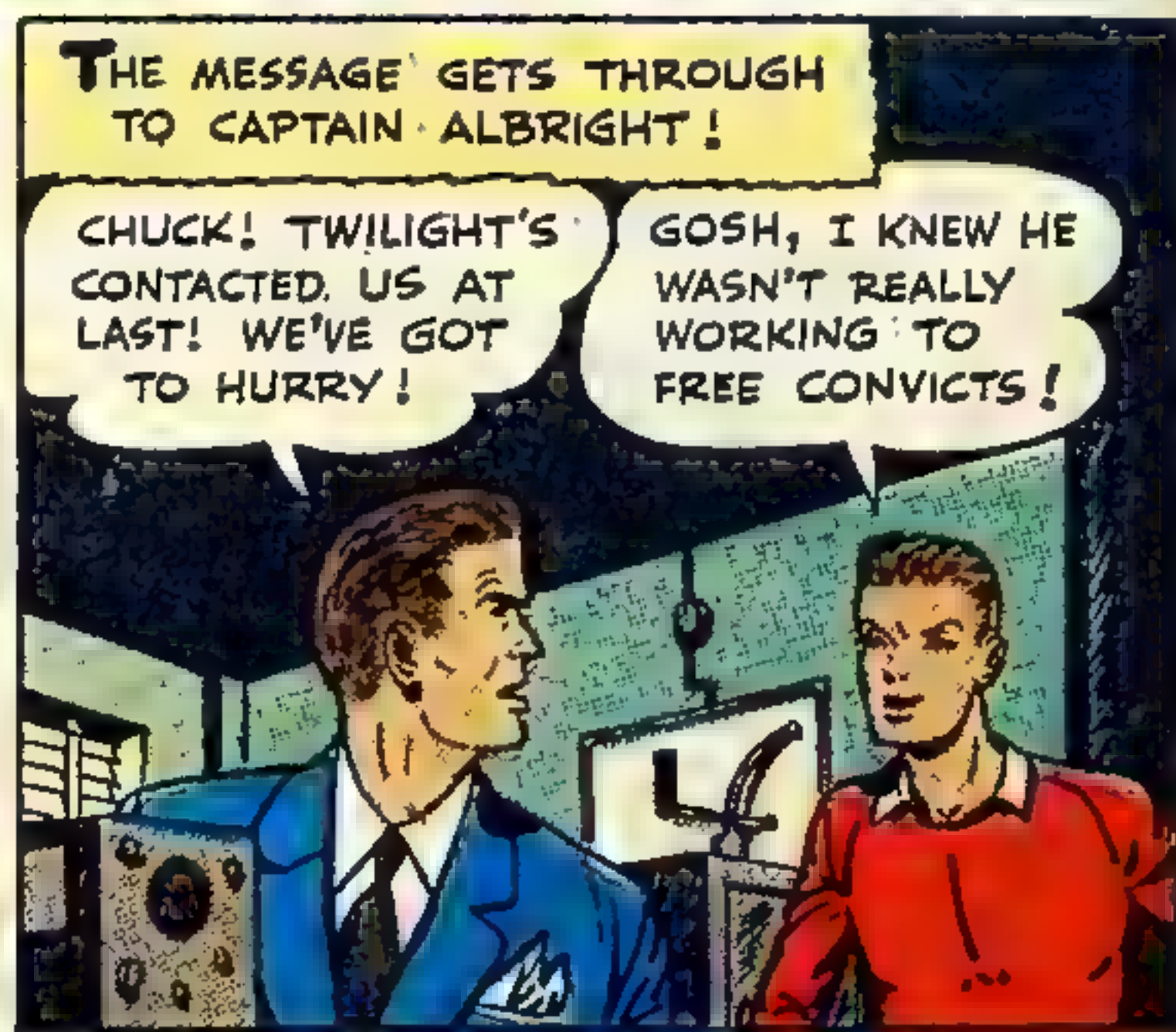
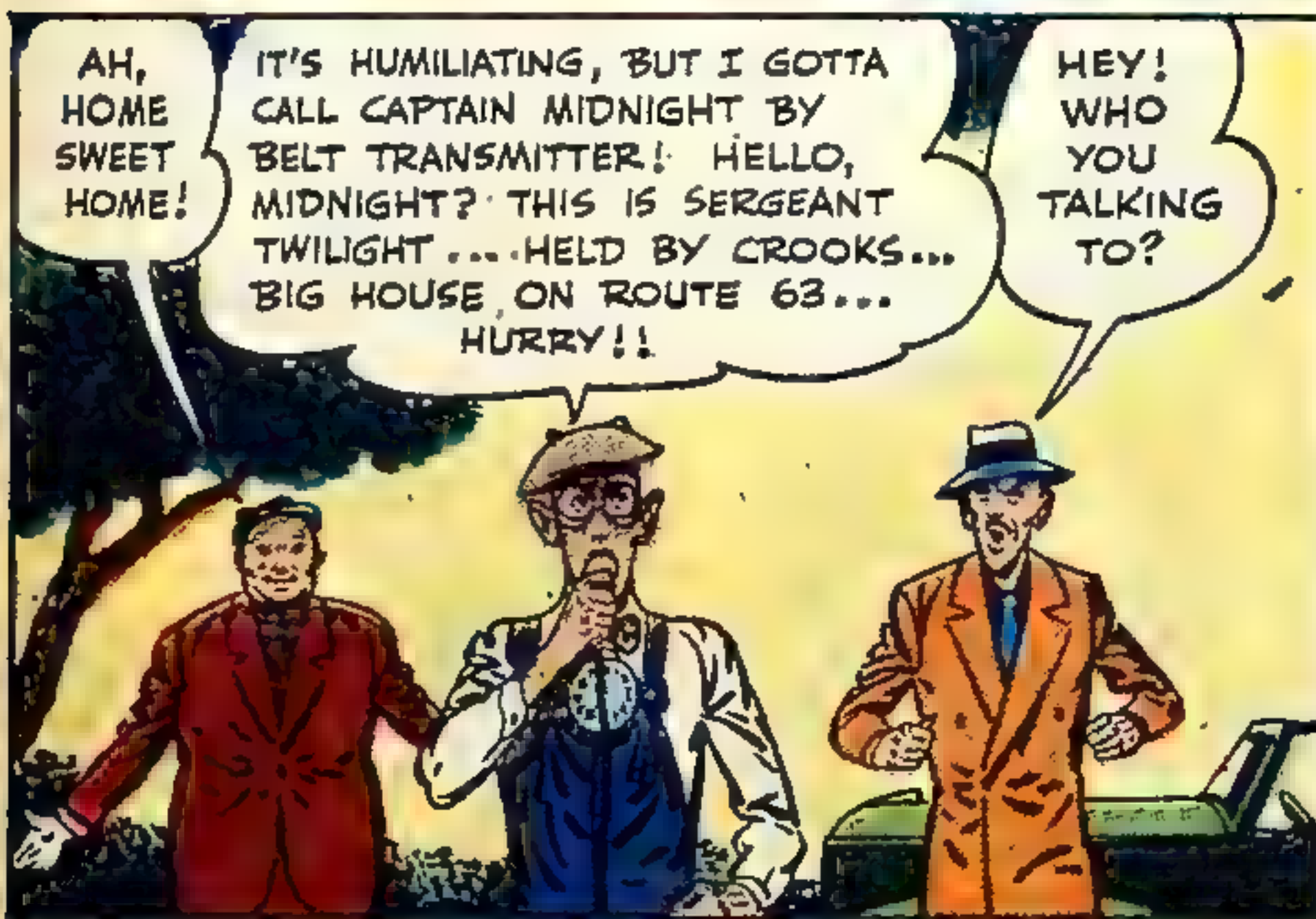


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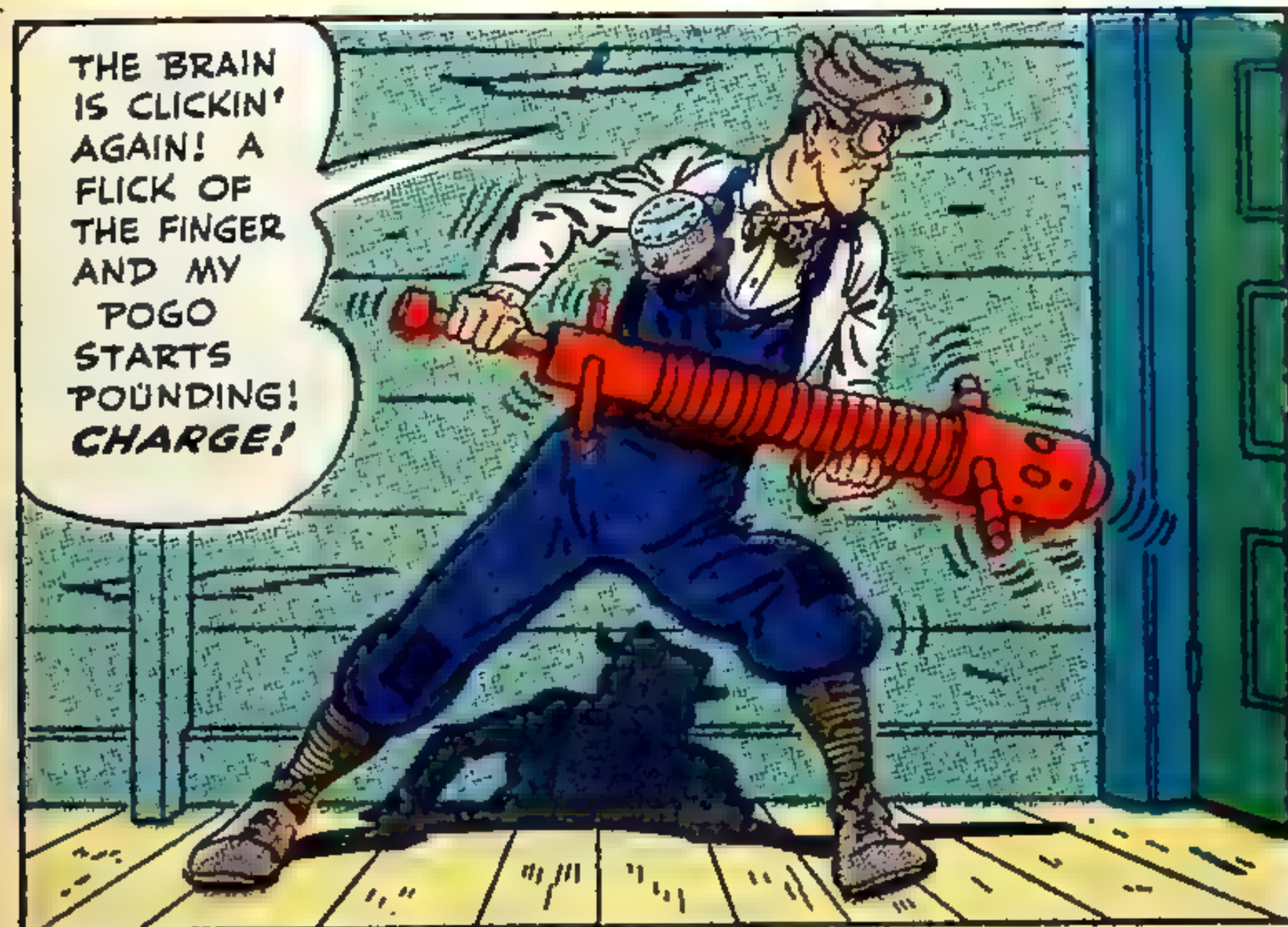
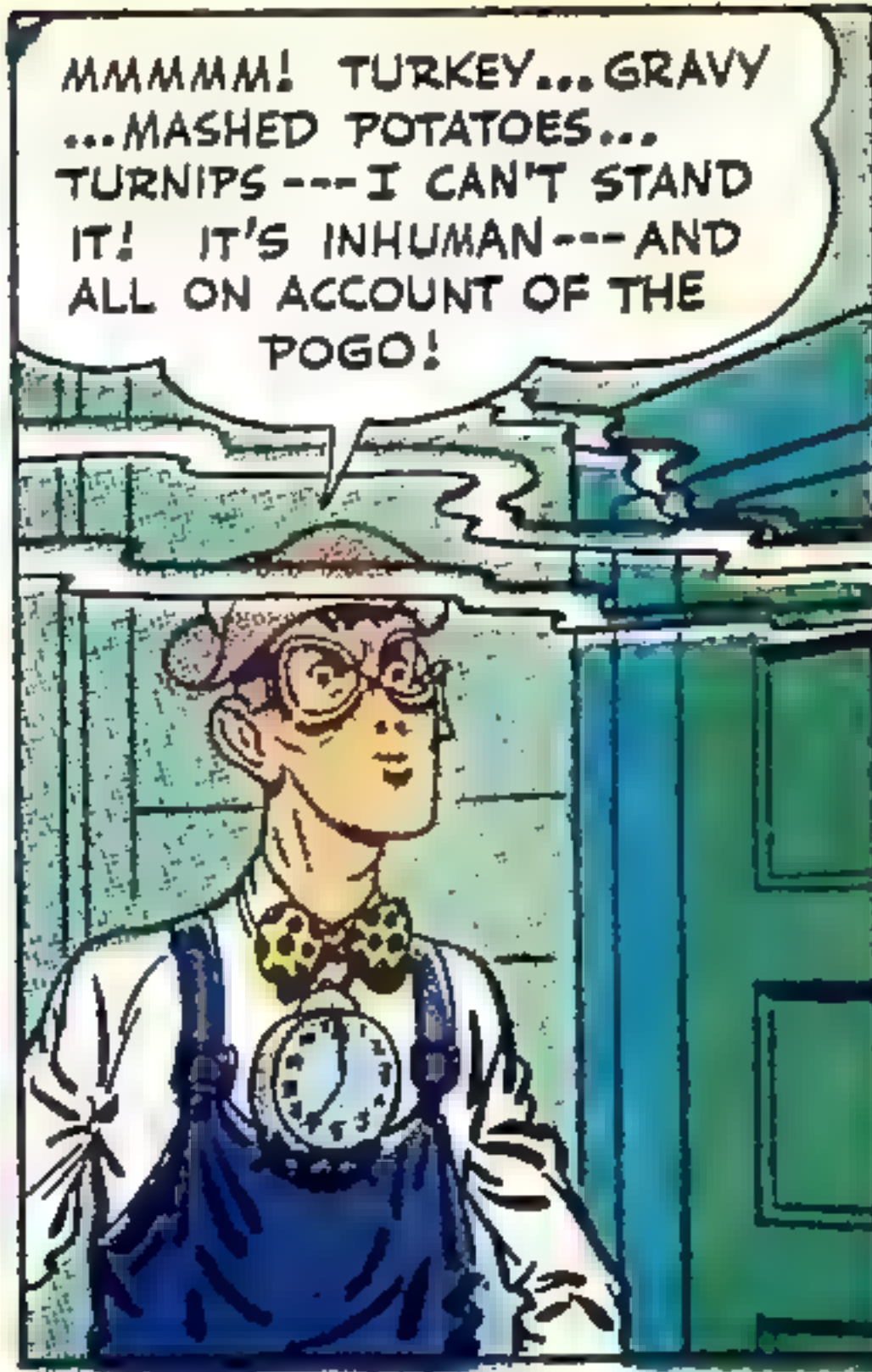


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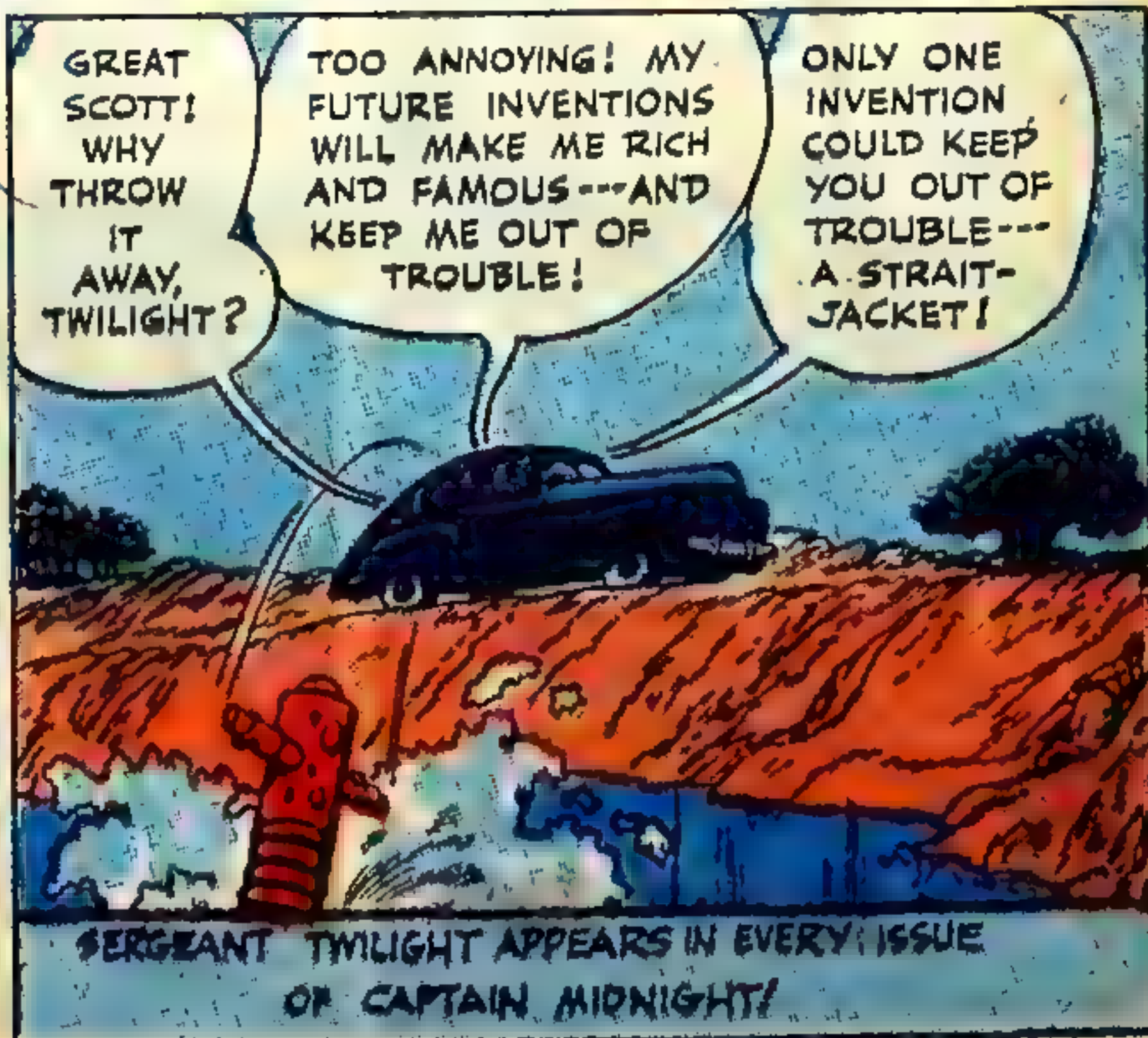
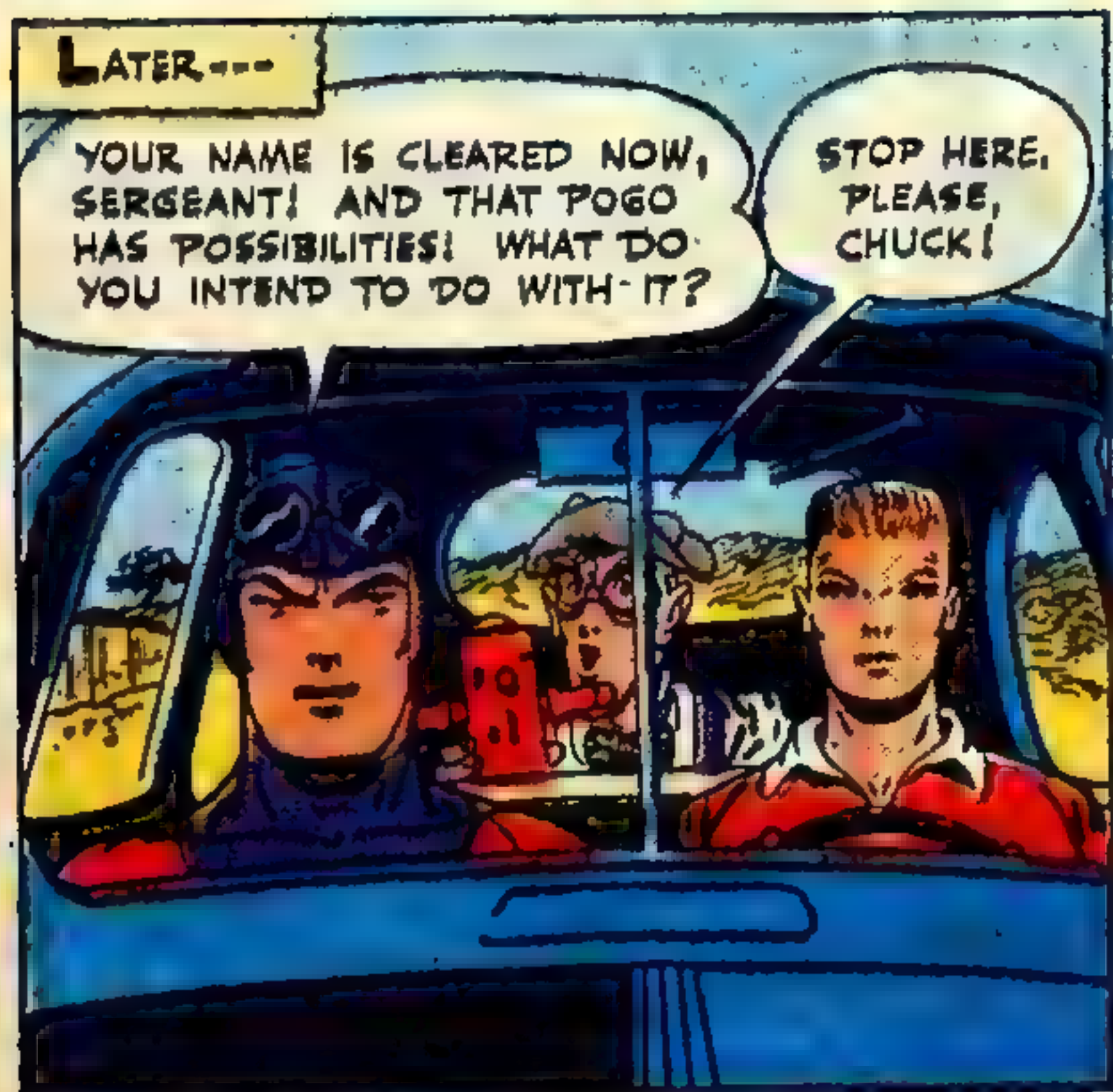
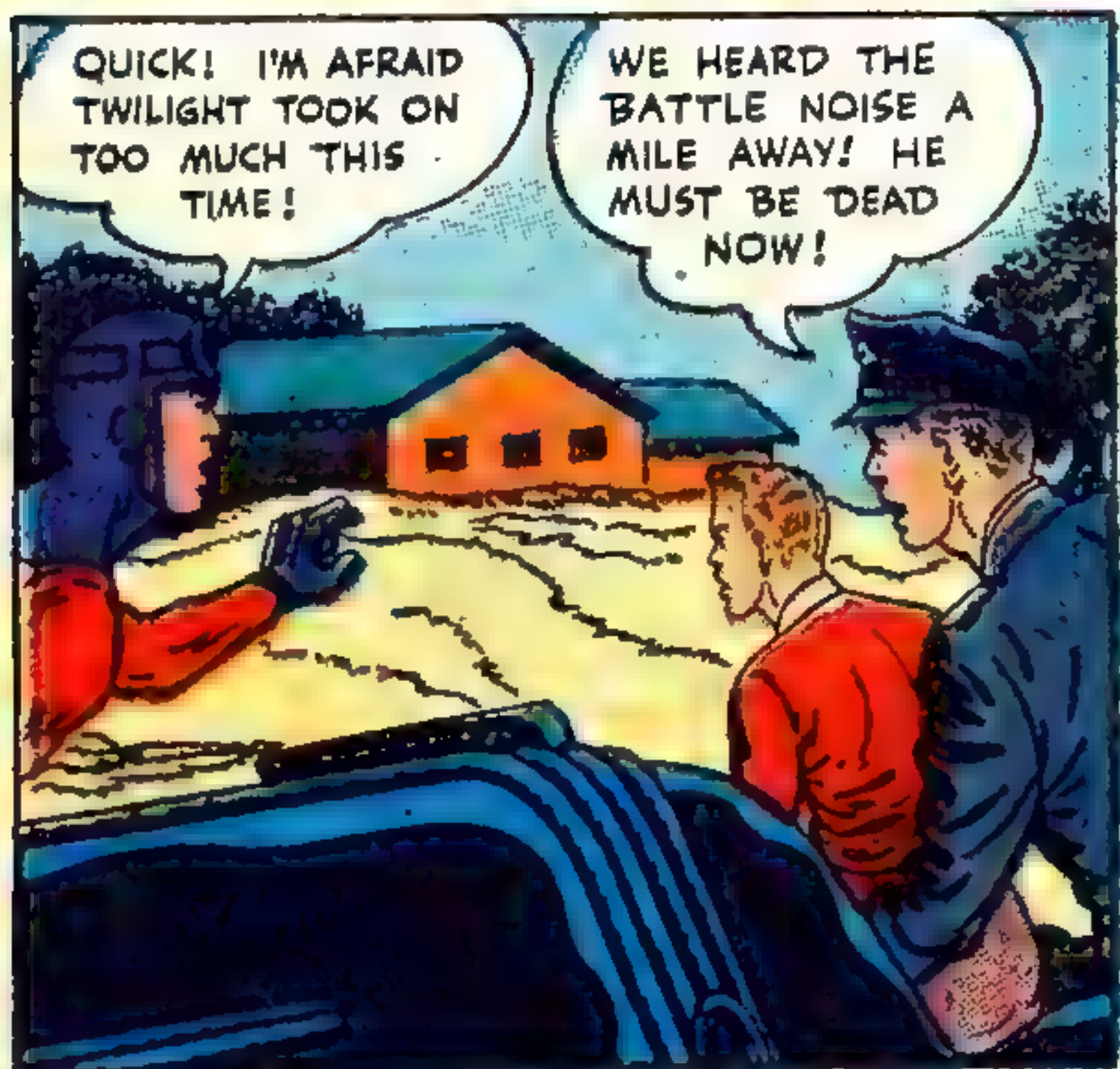
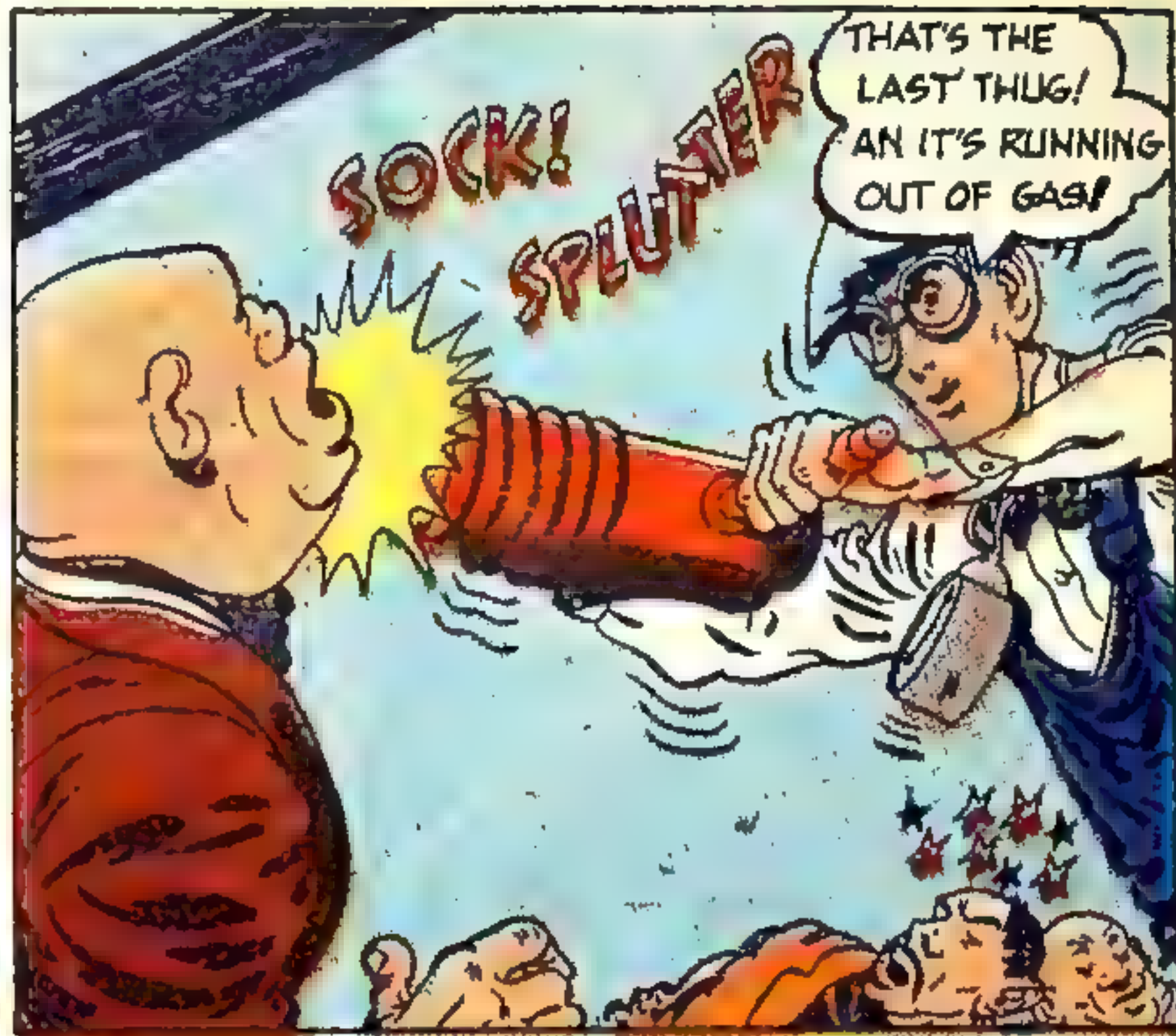
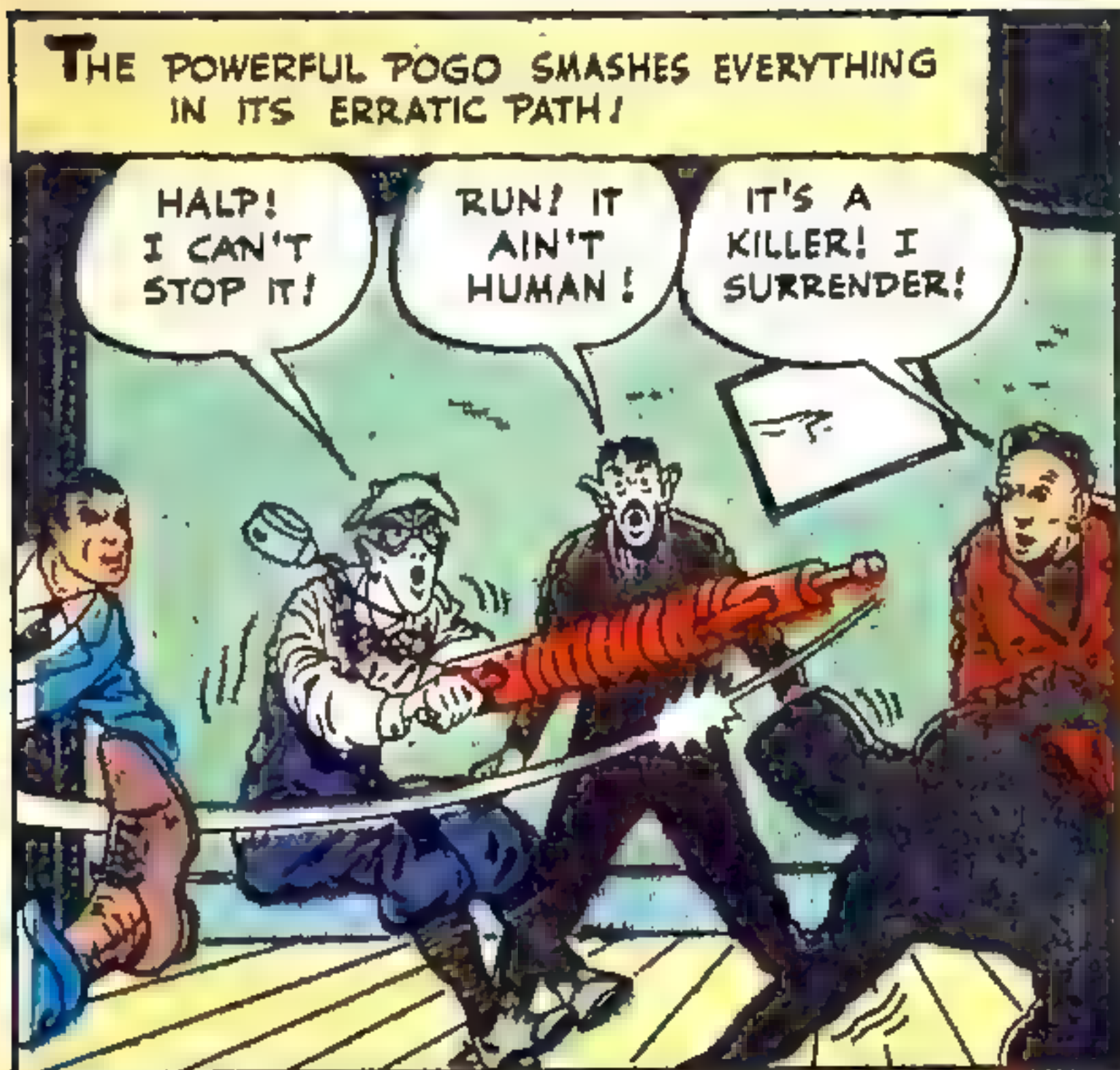


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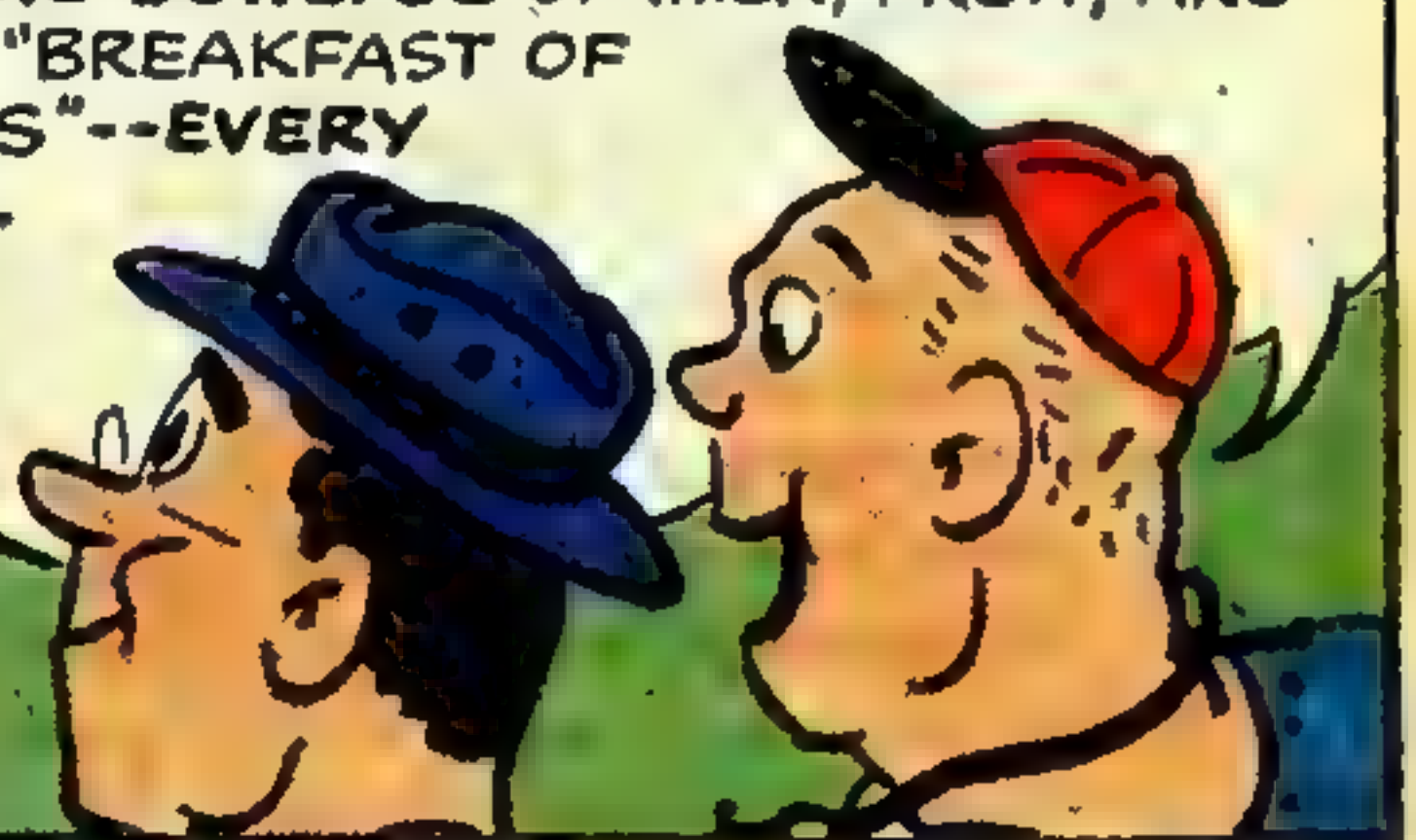
YOU'LL REALLY GO FOR WHEATIES.

BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED HONEY-BROWN. TOASTED CRISPY-FRESH. FLAVORED WITH MELLOW, MALT-SWEET SYRUP. AND LOADED WITH THE KIND OF CHAMPION FOOD VALUES THAT MAKE WHEATIES A TRAINING TABLE FAVORITE.

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"Wheaties", and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.





# "RED CARRIES THE MAIL"

*A "Red Skye" Story*

BY BERT MILLER

"RED" SKYE'S Thunderbolt zoomed homeward through the blue with a victorious purr. He was returning from a successful escort mission, bombing Jap headquarters in the Burma theatre.

The Yank raiders had jet-tisoned plenty of steel and lead down on their enemy target. It was another reminder to the Japs, that sneak attacks on Pearl Harbor don't pay.

Red felt he was flying in the clear now. There was nothing to equal that feeling of near-safety. He stretched with relief, shoved back his flying cap, mopped his damp forehead with the sleeve of his jacket and let a square hand rub luxuriously through the wealth of flaming hair that gave him his nickname.

"We sure talked their language tonight," Red thought aloud. The vivid picture of the burning Jap area sprang up before his eyes. The giant puffs of smoke, marking each bomb explosion, that made grim polka-dots along the landscape were still fresh in his memory.

With some effort, he pushed the thought from his mind. The night was clear and cool and silent way up where he was. He relaxed. But Red's relaxation was short-lived,

It didn't take a detective to find out he had company. Two Jap fighters were approaching and they weren't out joy-riding. As they broke through the floor of clouds underneath him, Red snapped back into a fighting mood. Energy seeped back into his arms that a few minutes before were almost numb with fatigue.

The pale light of a fingernail moon cast a weird glow on the enemy planes. Ghost-like, their motors growling, the two fighters came in closer and closer. Bullets spit at him fast and furious. He let his gun talk back, landing one in a vital spot of one of the "Zekes." With an ear-shattering noise the Nip burst into a sizzling mass of fire, explosion overlapping explosion.

Red didn't take time out to watch the burning remnants hurtle to the ground. He couldn't. The other Zero was fighting mad with determination to avenge the fate met by his comrade plane. It released an angry torrent of lead, clipping the Thunderbolt's nose. Red's motor coughed and sputtered. This was it. That Jap slug had ventilated something important all right!

A crash landing was inevitable. Red gritted his teeth. But the prospect became less terrifying when he caught a gratifying glimpse of the Zero

that had clipped him, limping through the sky. It was going down the fast way. Red's face, dripping with perspiration, broke into a satisfied grin.

Nimbly he maneuvered his way downstairs. The Zero was following directly in his sky-path. It made him jumpy. The ground was coming up to meet him, nearer and nearer, and still he couldn't get out of the Nip plane's way. Yards above the ground their wings tangled, and the two ships crashed to the earth simultaneously.

Red's entire frame rattled from the violent impact. He climbed out of the smoking wreck in a hurry and dropped to the ground from sheer exhaustion and nervous strain. He lay there for a few moments, then heard someone moving around outside. His eyes snapped wide open. The prowler was the Jap from the Zero that had crashed with him. The Nip, evidently badly wounded, was staggering over to where he was. Red knew that, wounded or not, his enemy wasn't coming over to see if he was all right.

IT WASN'T going to be a friendly visit. He braced himself! Then, crawling around the tail, he watched the Nip searching for him through the wreckage, knife poised. Red stole up noiselessly behind him. The muddy ground padded any shuffling noises he might have made. If only that Nip wouldn't turn around before he got there!



## CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

As the Nip bent over to lift part of the wing, Red pounced on him, tightening an iron grip around the wrist of the hand that held the dagger.

The Jap uttered a shrill cry of surprise and pain. He was wounded in the back. But he fought relentlessly to sink the blade into his Yank enemy. Red maintained his clasp on the Nip's wrist with his right hand. He gripped it so tightly as he held it above their heads that he could feel the throbbing pulse in the Jap's forearm.

In a flash, he twisted the wrist sharply, bringing him face to face with the pain-racked Nip. Then Red let go with a mighty left to the Jap's jaw. There was an echoing crack like that of bat against ball. The Jap went limp and sank to the ground, his neck strangely twisted. The sliver of steel slipped from his hand. He was dead.

Still panting from the struggle, Red didn't lose a minute. His hands traveled over the body, poking into every pocket and crease in the Jap's uniform. Something square and flat interrupted his search. He reached in for it breathlessly. Orders!

Red's eyes raced over the important papers. Long years in the Pacific Theater had given him a reading knowledge of Japanese! He was shocked by what he read! Jap ground forces of tremendous proportions were coming overland, through a mountain pass to launch a crushing attack and thus cut off Allied troops. Red burned with fury and excitement. He had to get word through to Allied headquarters to warn them of this imminent attack.

The thought was hardly through his mind than he rushed for his plane. Feverishly he clambered into the wreck. Suddenly his heart sank. His radio was no more than a jumbled mass of twisted wire and metal, the tubes hopelessly smashed. Red was frantic. The sheer help-

lessness of his situation was maddening. There had to be a way! He had to think of a plan to warn the Allied Army. But here he was behind enemy lines. There wasn't a chance in a million of his ever getting through.

Red chewed his bottom lip and scratched his head vigorously. He sighed deeply in resignation and looked about him hopelessly. His eyes fell on the dead Jap a few yards away. A big baby, all right, Red thought. Almost his size. Almost his size! Why hadn't he thought of that? The phrase danced through his brain. There was the solution he was looking for. As he ran over to the body, Red pulled off his jacket, tugged at his trousers.

**A** SECOND LATER he was bending over the Jap pilot, stripping his uniform. It wasn't a bad fit. But as he wriggled into the trousers, he looked down and had to laugh. "Pull up your shoes, pal," he quoted the boys in his outfit, "your pants are too short."

Well, he was uniformed like a Nip all right, but he'd never fool Tojo with that bare American face hanging out. But ideas were coming to him fast now. He bent over and scooped up a handful of mud. Smearing it generously over his face and hands, he was ready to start on his treacherous journey through enemy lines. He didn't go more than a few feet than he retraced his steps. He came back to where he had left the dead Jap pilot. Leaning over, he picked up the knife from the ground where it had fallen...

A Jap supply truck answered Red's silent bid for a hitch. He hopped in the back and they took him almost half of the way, then dropped him off. Things were going smoothly. He didn't have to wait very long before another came along. This time he sat up in front with the driver and pretended to fall asleep lest the Jap next to him start a conversation.

When they arrived at an outpost on the front lines Red noticed two sentries waiting and got ready to make a quick exit. He stooped his head to get out, but he didn't figure the height of the door very accurately. His flying helmet caught on the top ledge as he jumped, revealing the flaming red clue to his non-Jap identity. His hand shot to his head in an unsuccessful attempt to cover up his hair. But it was a dead give-away. The Jap driver, startled by the discovery, let out a terrific yell. The Jap sentries whirled, rifles at the ready!

Red was trapped. Angrily he slapped his thigh. His arm brushed against a long, hard object inside his trousers. Carefully he drew the knife from its hiding place. The sentries' attention was centered on the shouting driver. "This is one way of returning a stolen weapon," Red thought bitterly, and plunged it deep into the shoulder of one guard. The injured Jap howled with pain, and crumpled to the ground. Before his stunned companion could gather what had happened, Red went to work on him with some very fancy judo. He topped that off with a swift one-two that knocked the Jap out. Then he fled, leaving behind him a tidy pile of unconscious Nips.

Red tore into Allied headquarters, the mud on his face streaked with perspiration, his clothes in tatters. Between gasps for breath, he poured out the news that could have meant drastic defeat for the Allies.

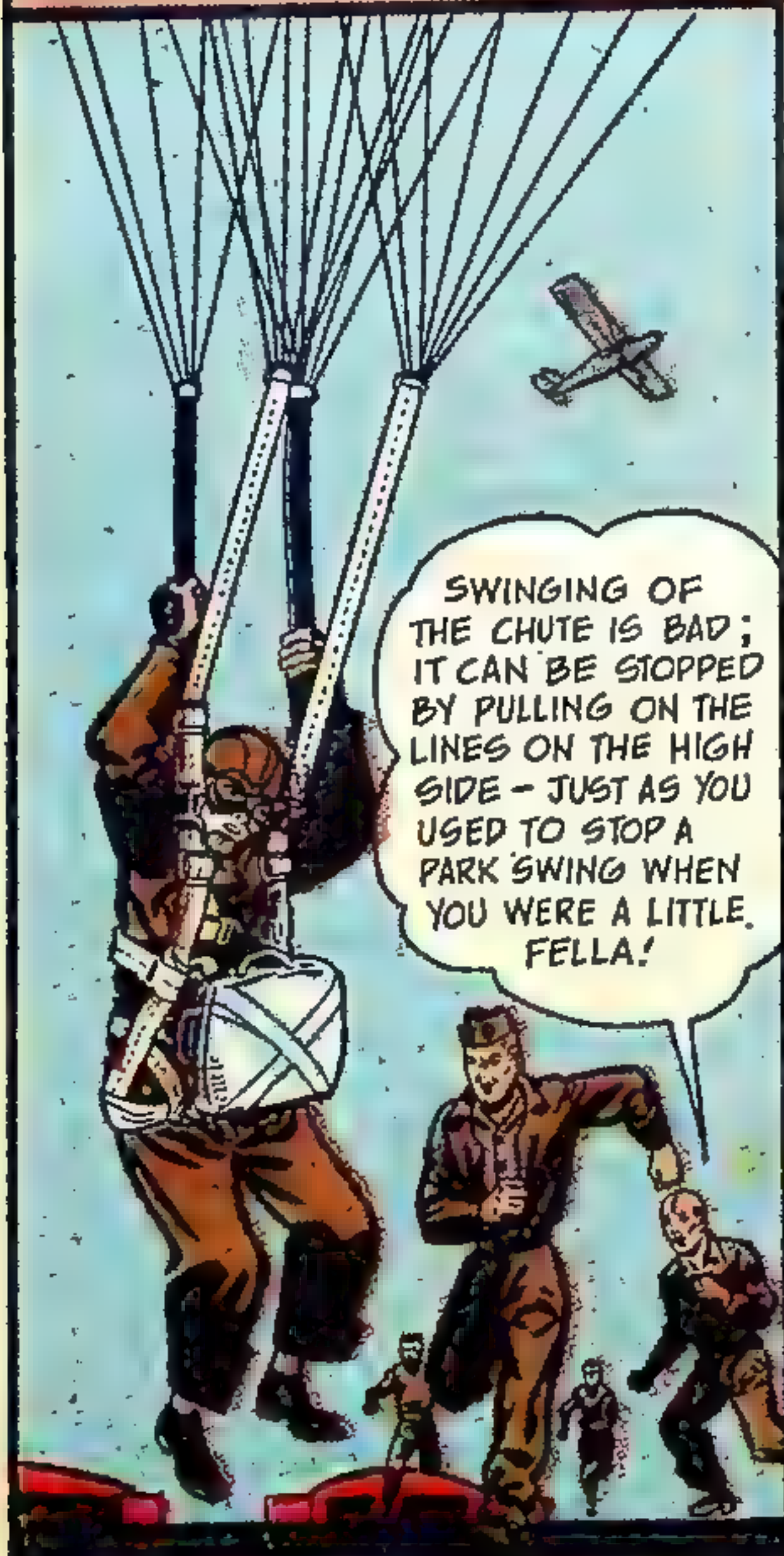
Ten minutes later Red started out as leader of a flight of Yank bombers and fighters to carry out a strafing attack and break up the sneak-attacking Japs. The mission was a glorious success. Yank courage and ingenuity had brought Victory Day so much the closer.

**WATCH FOR "RED SKYE"  
NEXT MONTH!**

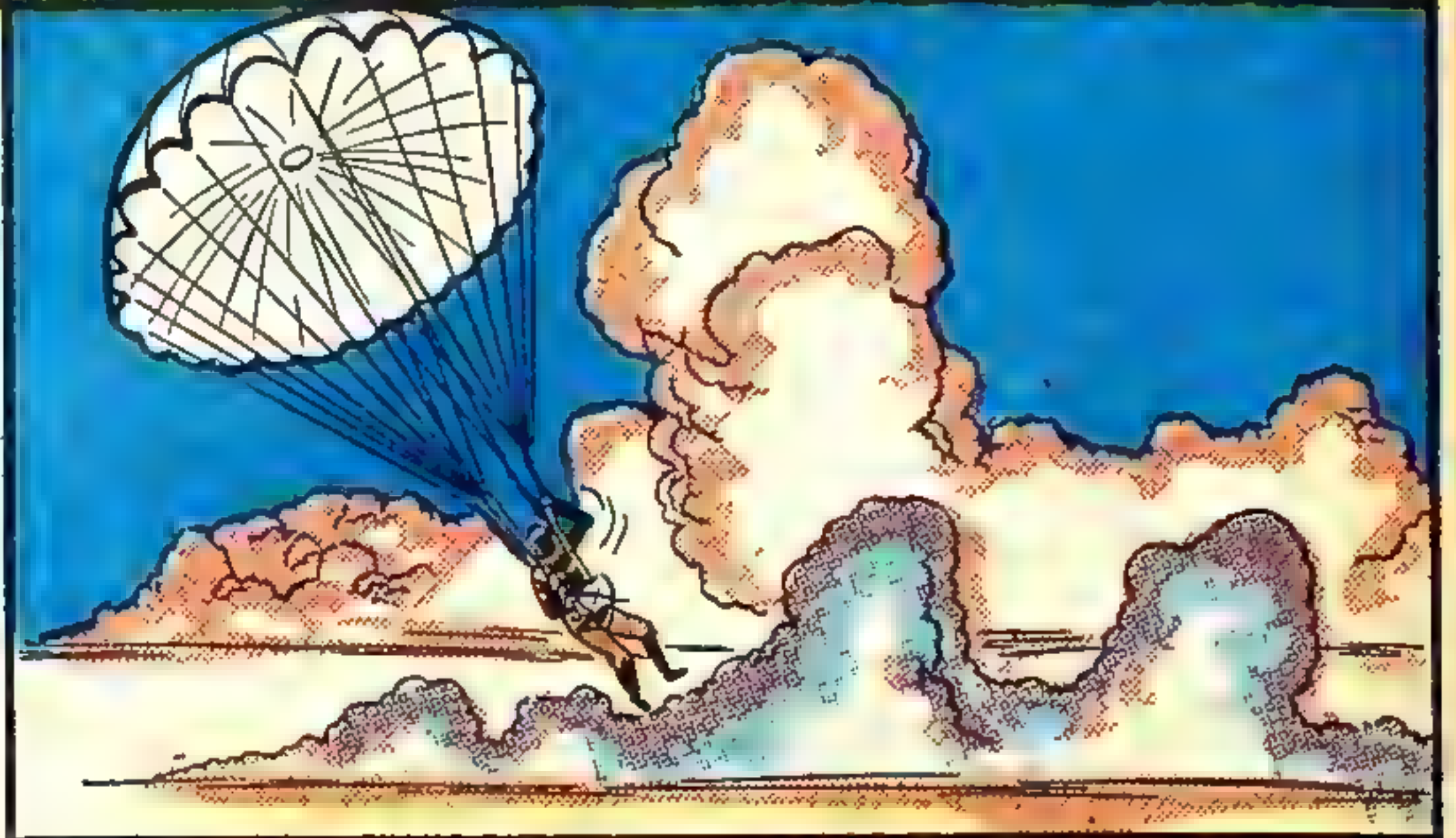


# JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR

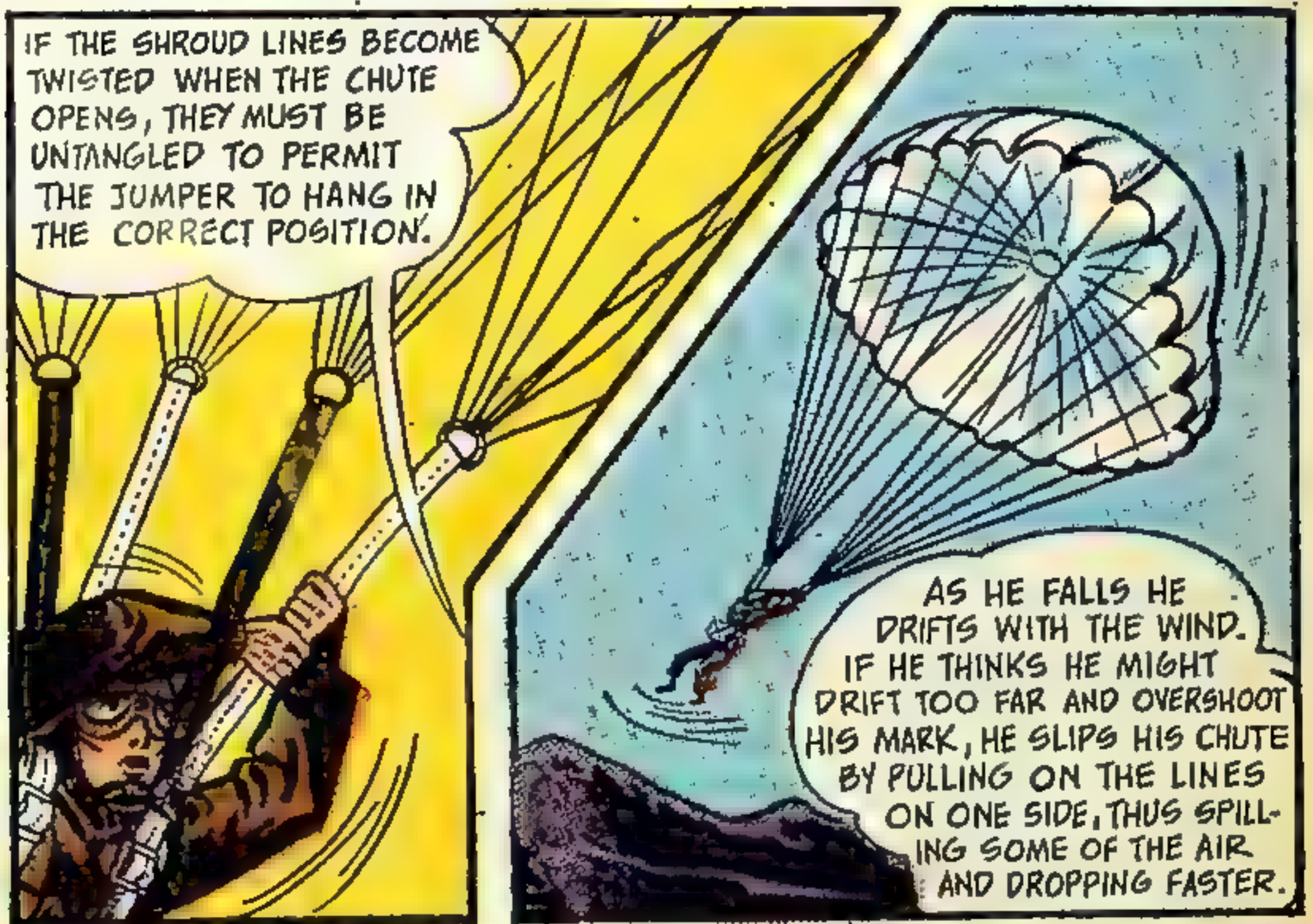
HANGAR HARRY, CIVIL AIR PATROL FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR, IS SHOWING HIS CADET, JOHNNY BLAIR, HOW PARACHUTE JUMPS ARE MADE. THEY ARE WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION JUMP AT THE LOCAL AIRPORT, AND HARRY IS EXPLAINING. REMEMBER, JOHNNY BLAIR IS WRITTEN BY A REAL C.A.P. OFFICER!



SWINGING OF THE CHUTE IS BAD; IT CAN BE STOPPED BY PULLING ON THE LINES ON THE HIGH SIDE - JUST AS YOU USED TO STOP A PARK SWING WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE FELLA!



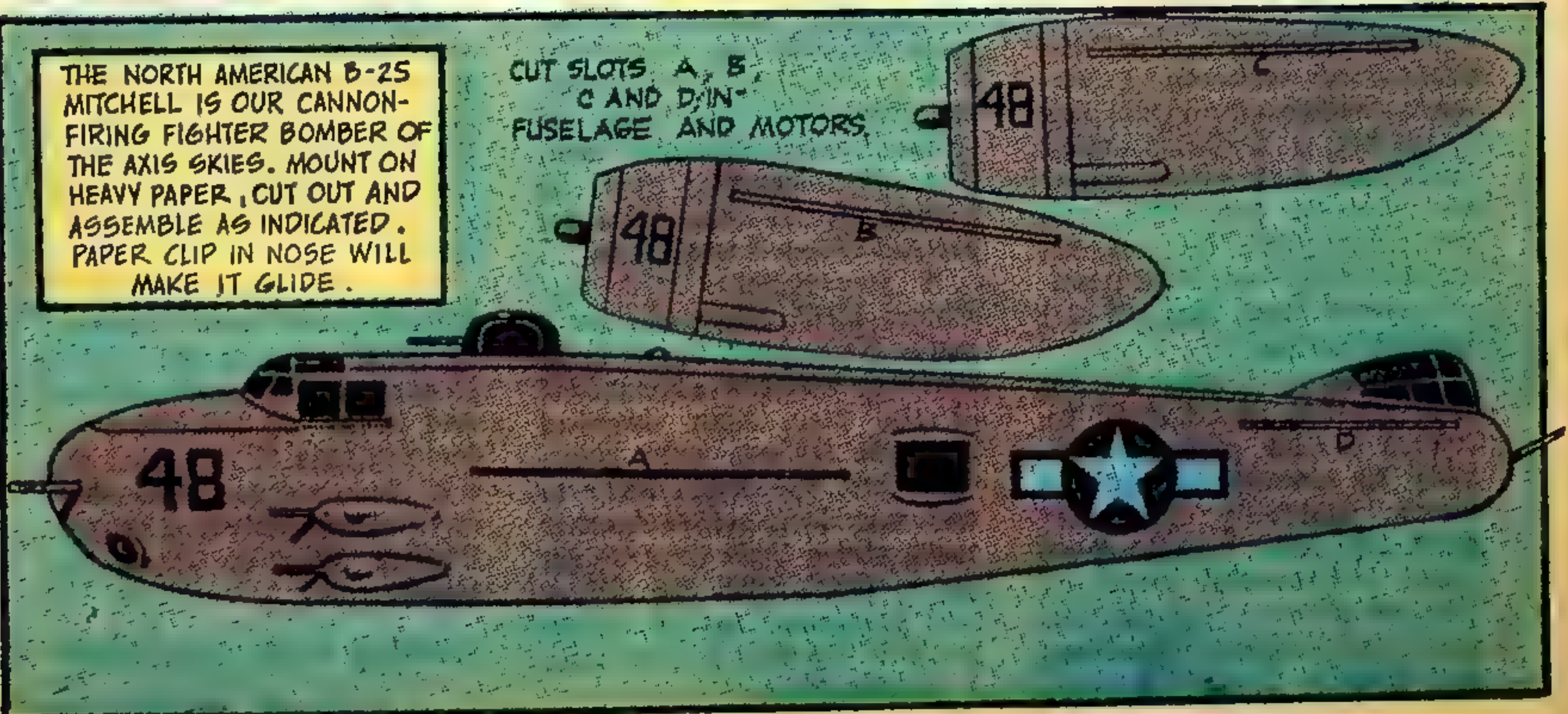
IF THE SHROUD LINES BECOME TWISTED WHEN THE CHUTE OPENS, THEY MUST BE UNTANGLED TO PERMIT THE JUMPER TO HANG IN THE CORRECT POSITION.



AS HE FALLS HE DRIFTS WITH THE WIND. IF HE THINKS HE MIGHT DRIFT TOO FAR AND OVERSHOOT HIS MARK, HE SLIPS HIS CHUTE BY PULLING ON THE LINES ON ONE SIDE, THUS SPILLING SOME OF THE AIR AND DROPPING FASTER.

THE NORTH AMERICAN B-25 MITCHELL IS OUR CANNON-FIRING FIGHTER BOMBER OF THE AXIS SKIES. MOUNT ON HEAVY PAPER, CUT OUT AND ASSEMBLE AS INDICATED. PAPER CLIP IN NOSE WILL MAKE IT GLIDE.

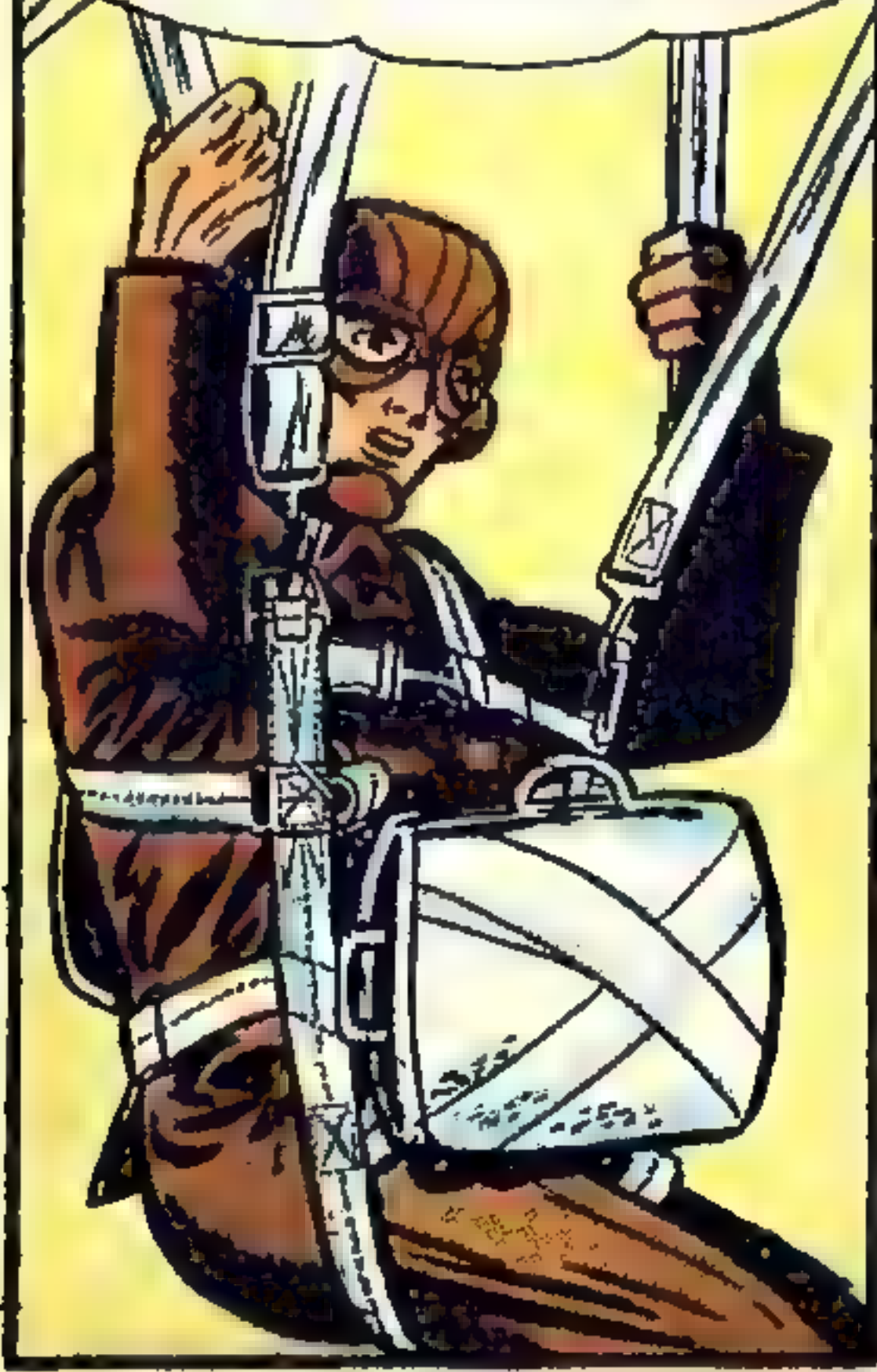
CUT SLOTS A, B, C AND D, IN FUSELAGE AND MOTORS.





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

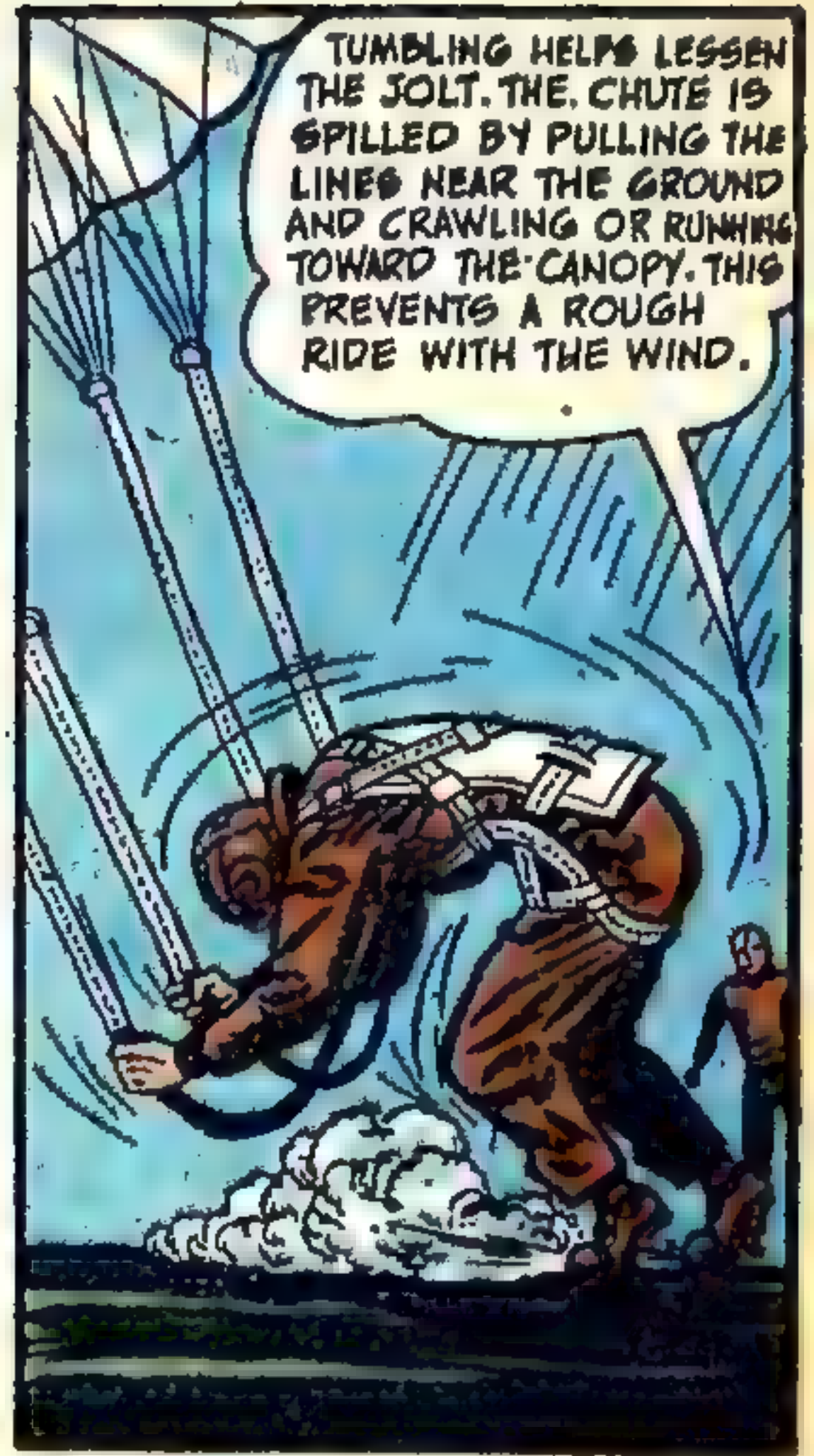
THE HARNESS HOLDS HIM LIKE A SWING. THE MAIN LIFT WEB PASSES UNDER HIM AND FASTENS TO THE LINES. THE OTHER STRAPS: ARM, LEG AND CHEST—HOLD HIM IN THE SWING.



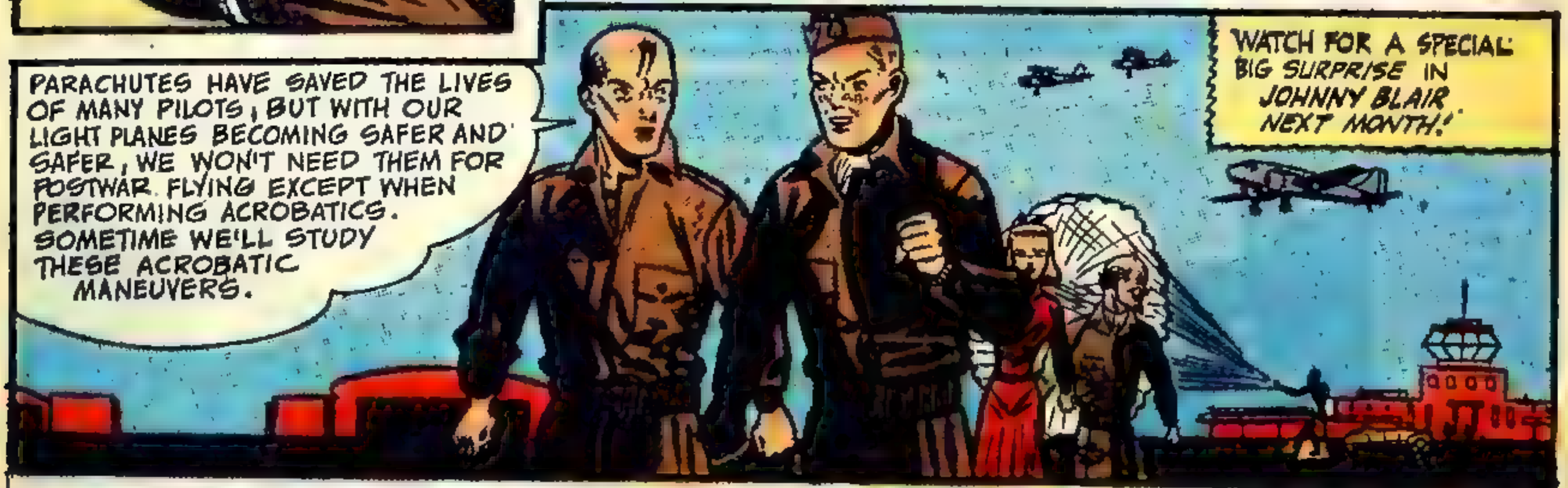
AS HE HITS THE GROUND, HE BENDS HIS KNEES, AND KEEPS HIS FEET 12 INCHES APART TO LESSEN THE SHOCK. HE ALSO GRASPS THE LINES AND PULLS THEM DOWNWARD JUST AS HE HITS. BEFORE NEARING THE GROUND, HE TWISTS HIS BODY SO HE LANDS WITH HIS BACK TO THE WIND.



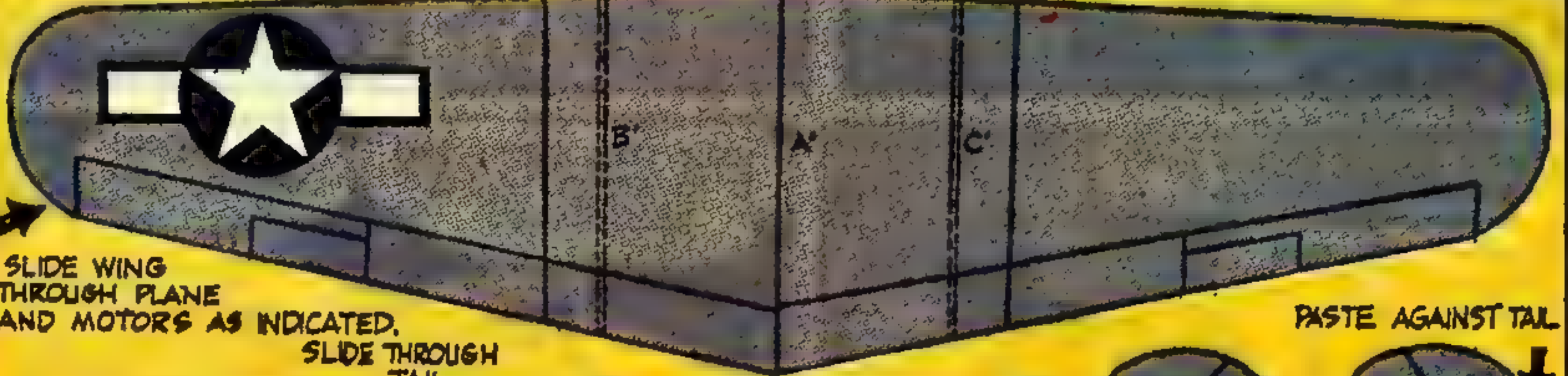
TUMBLING HELPS LESSEN THE JOLT. THE CHUTE IS SPILLED BY PULLING THE LINES NEAR THE GROUND AND CRAWLING OR RUNNING TOWARD THE CANOPY. THIS PREVENTS A ROUGH RIDE WITH THE WIND.



PARACHUTES HAVE SAVED THE LIVES OF MANY PILOTS, BUT WITH OUR LIGHT PLANES BECOMING SAFER AND SAFER, WE WON'T NEED THEM FOR POSTWAR FLYING EXCEPT WHEN PERFORMING ACROBATICS. SOMETIME WE'LL STUDY THESE ACROBATIC MANEUVERS.



WATCH FOR A SPECIAL BIG SURPRISE IN JOHNNY BLAIR NEXT MONTH!



SLIDE WING THROUGH PLANE AND MOTORS AS INDICATED.

SLIDE THROUGH TAIL

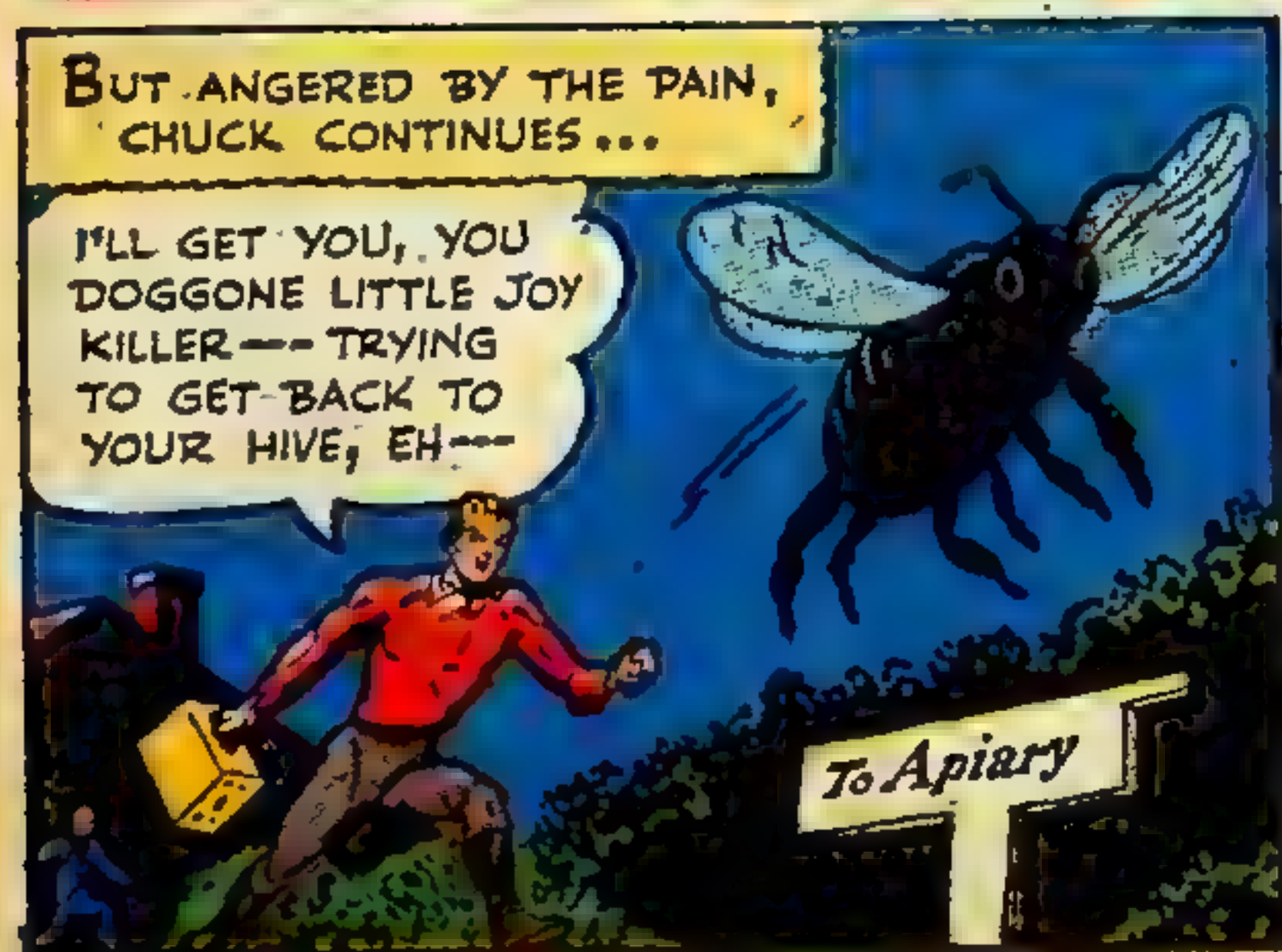
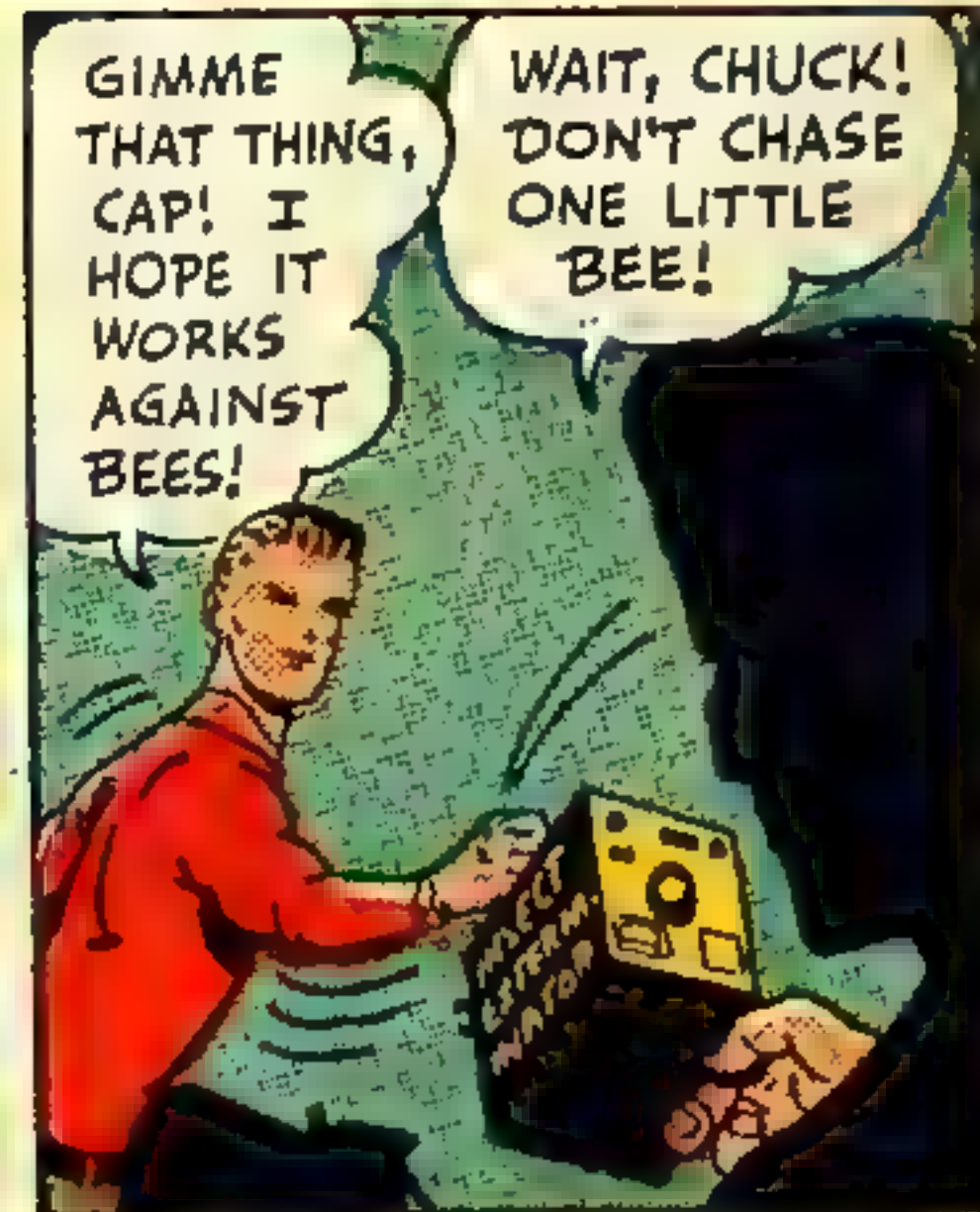
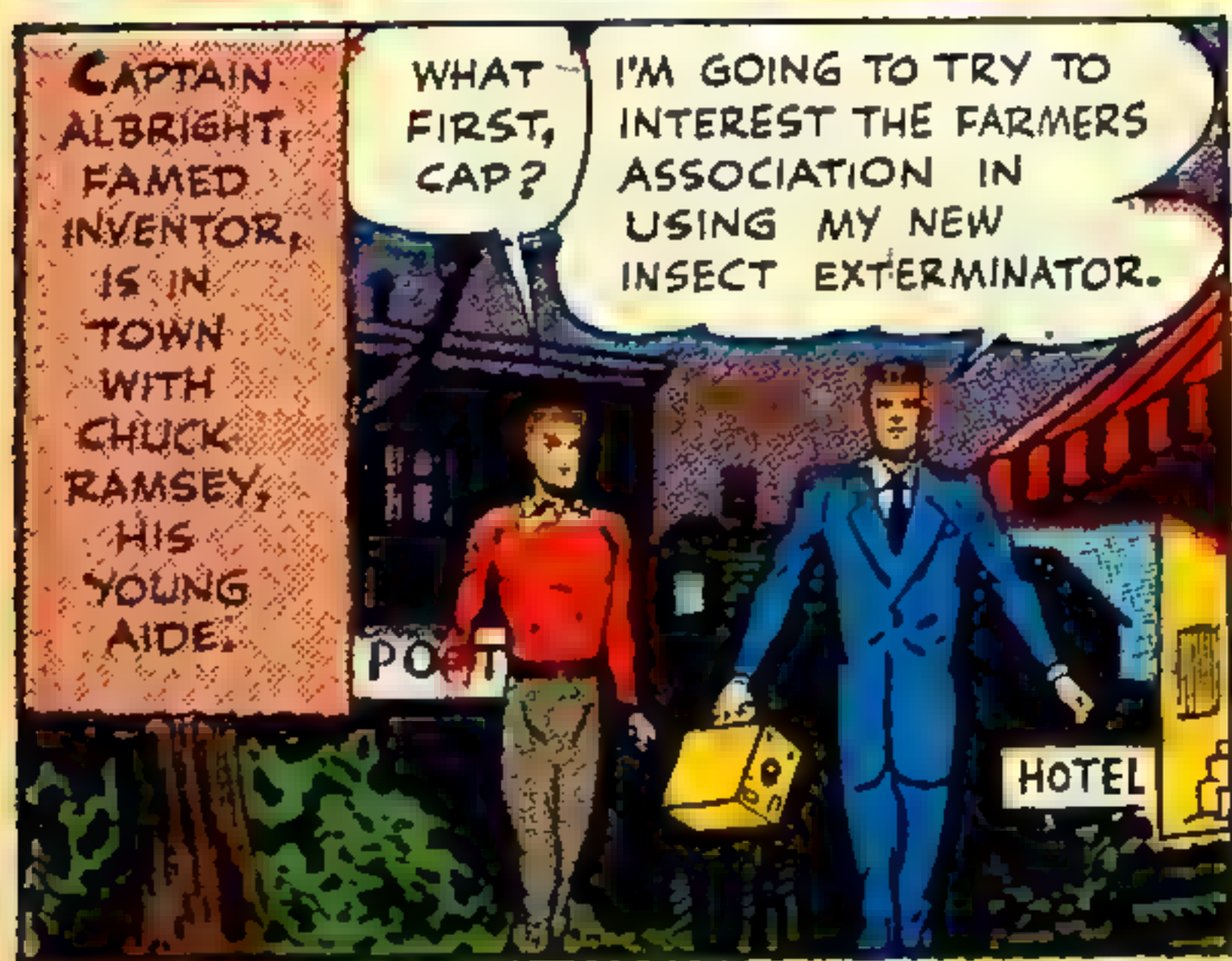
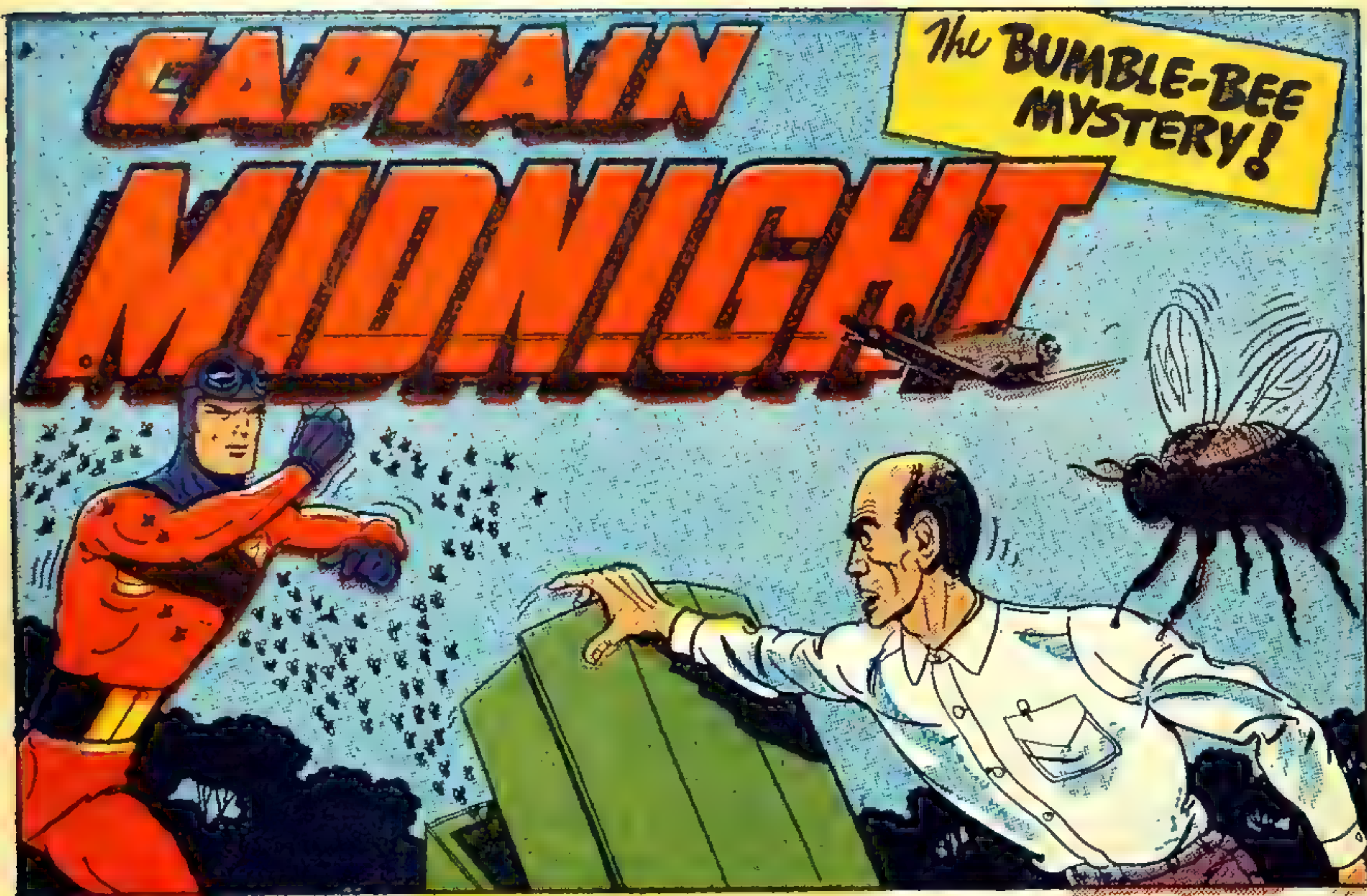
PASTE AGAINST TAIL



NEXT MONTH JOHNNY WILL HAVE A GLIDING MODEL OF THE NEW GERMAN JET FIGHTER, THE MESSERSCHMITT 262, FOR YOU!

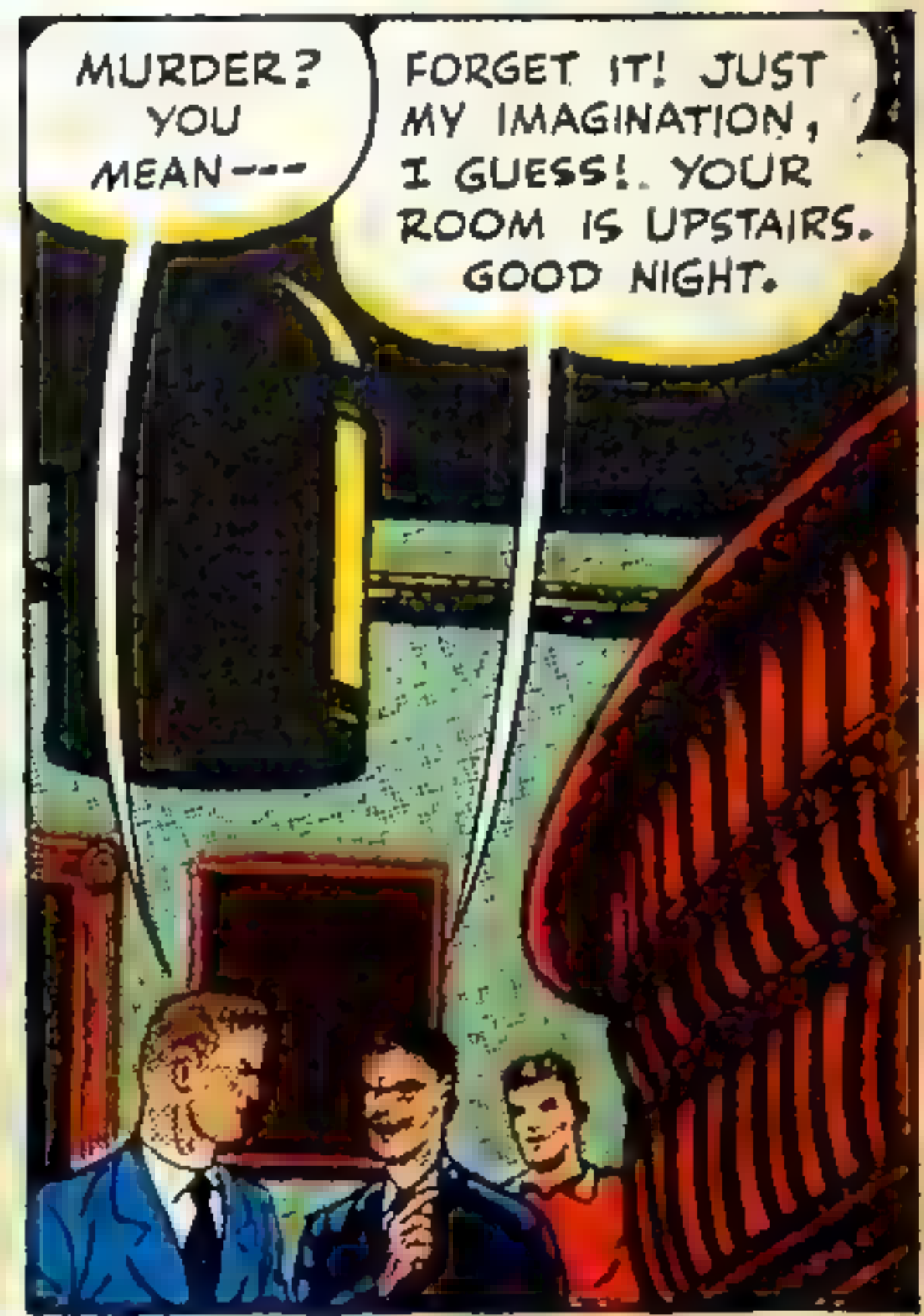
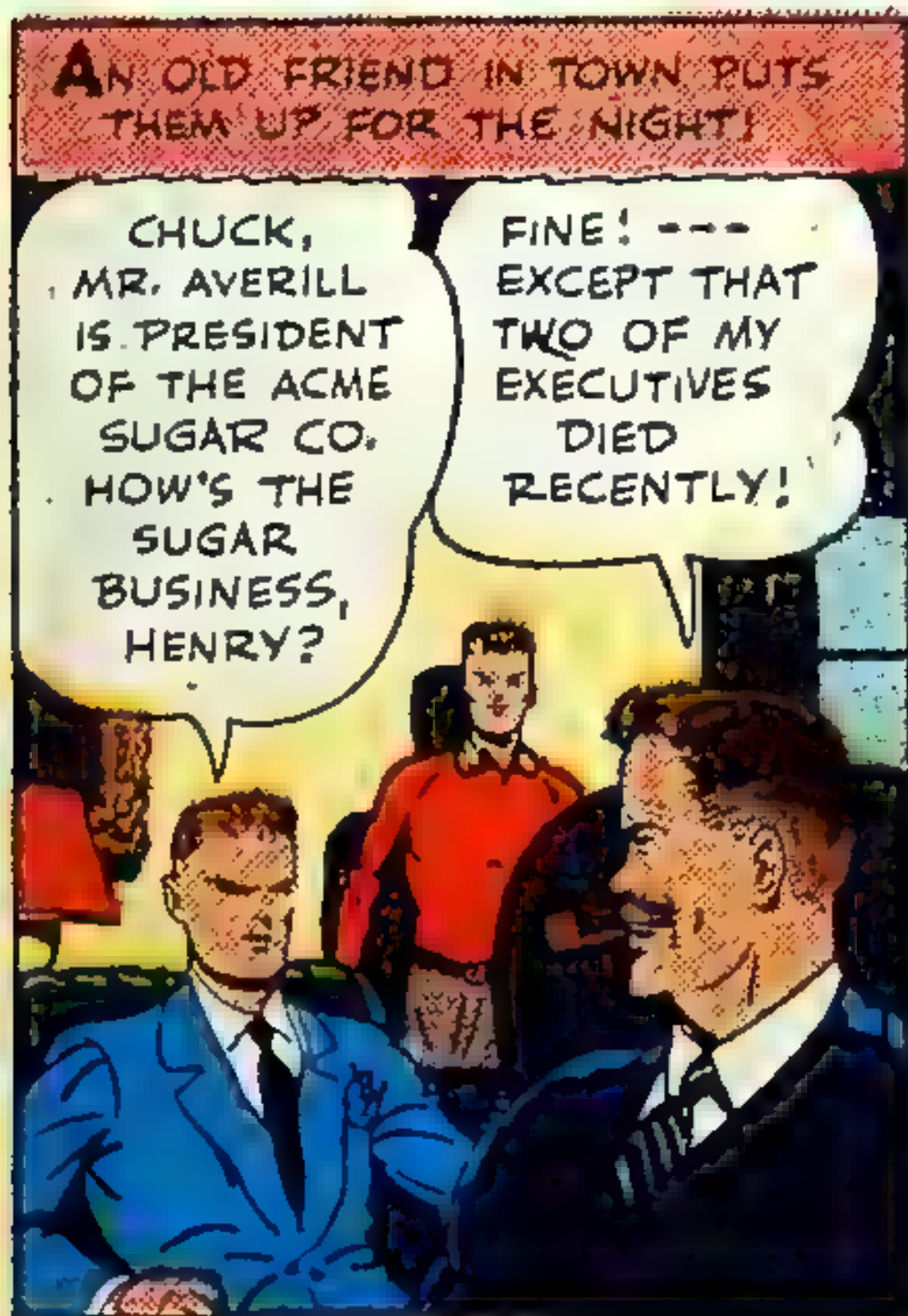






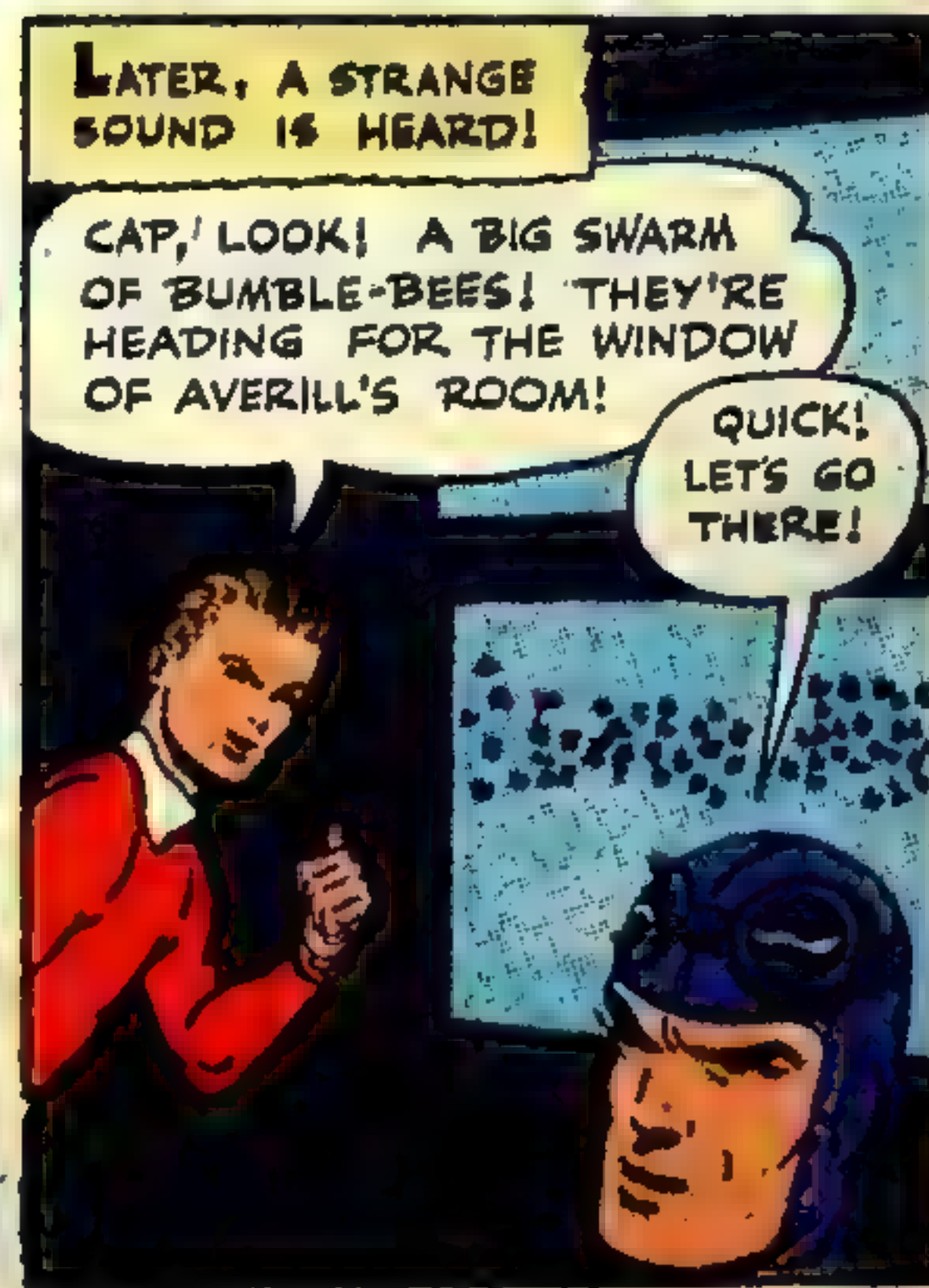


# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



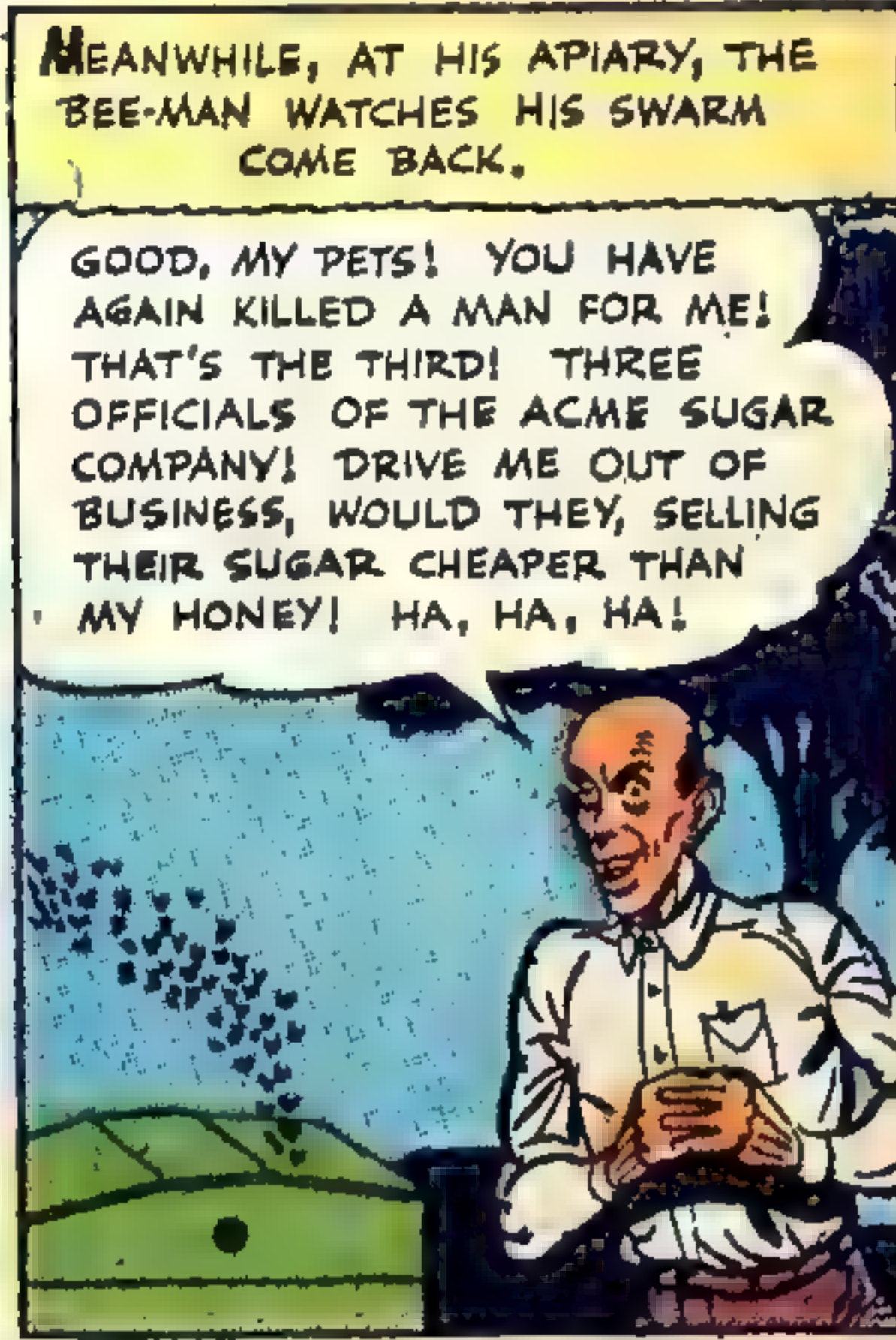
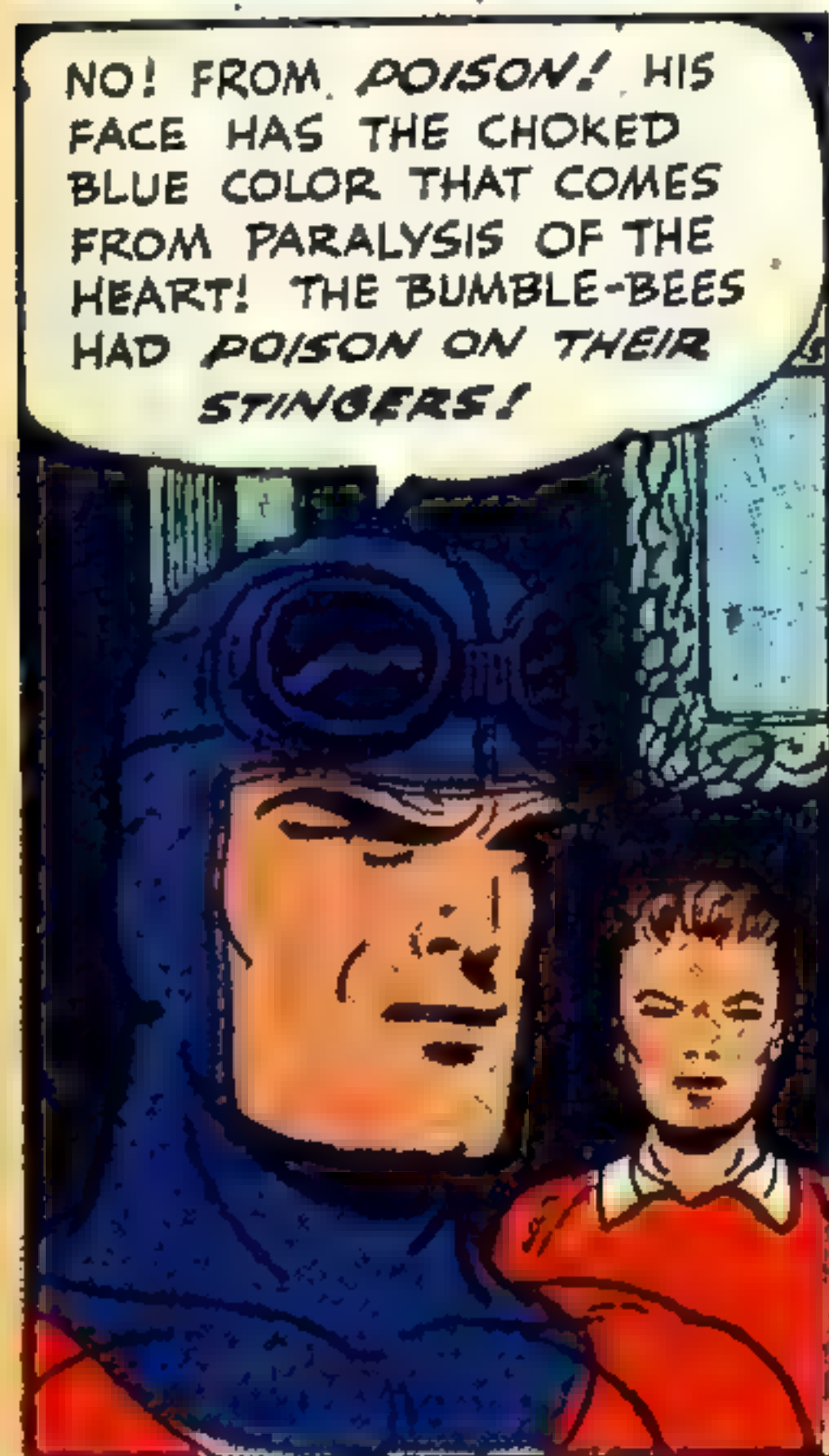
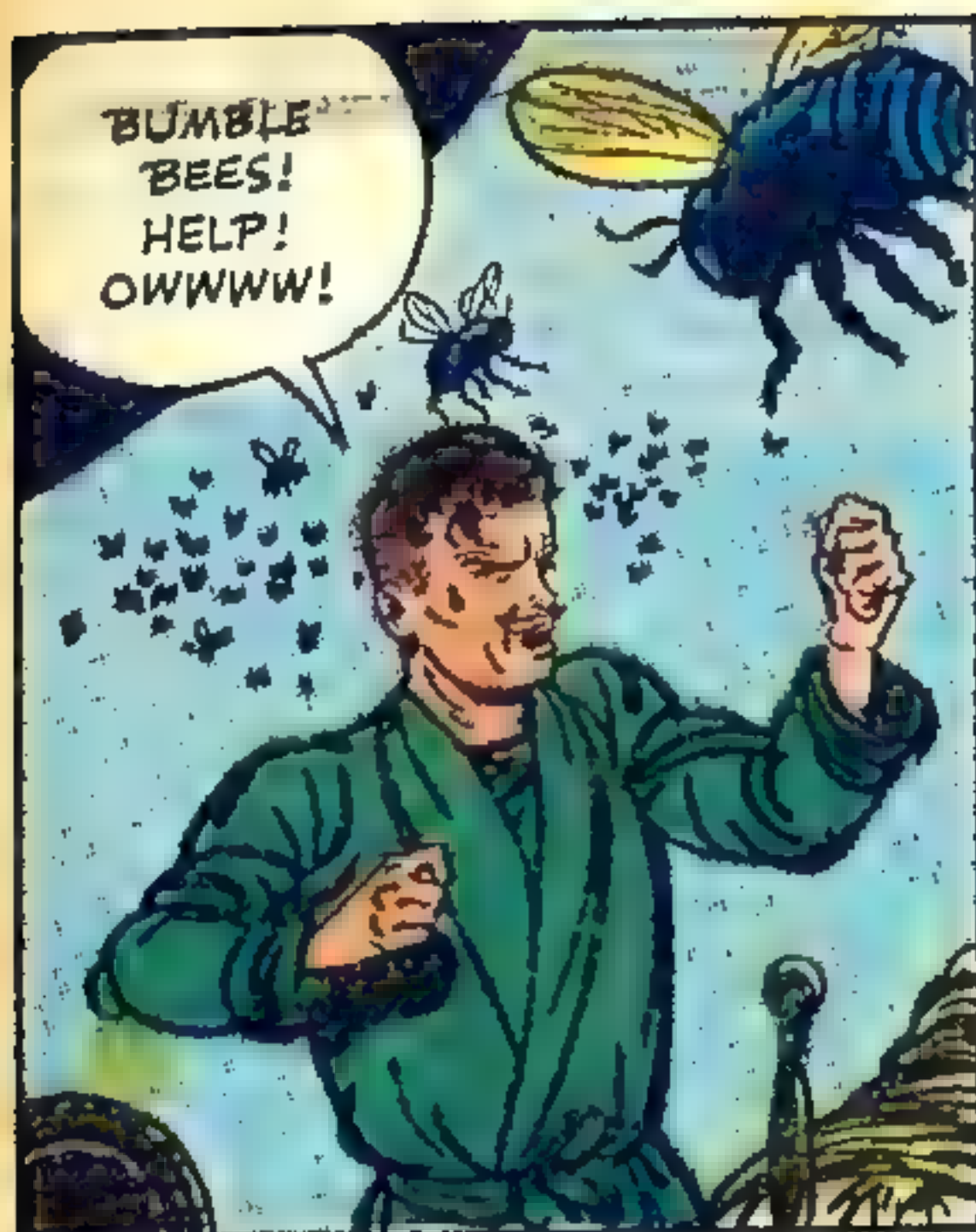


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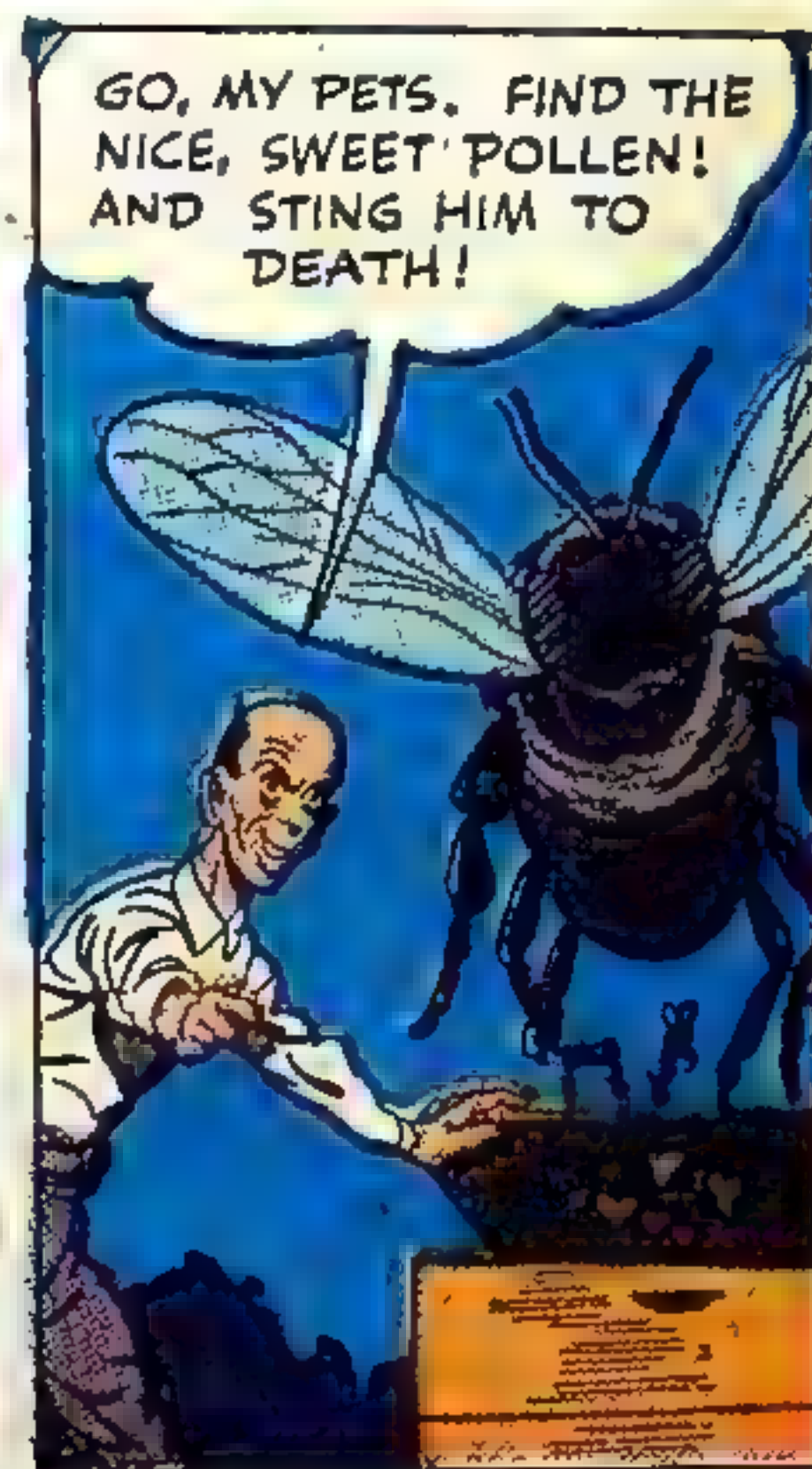
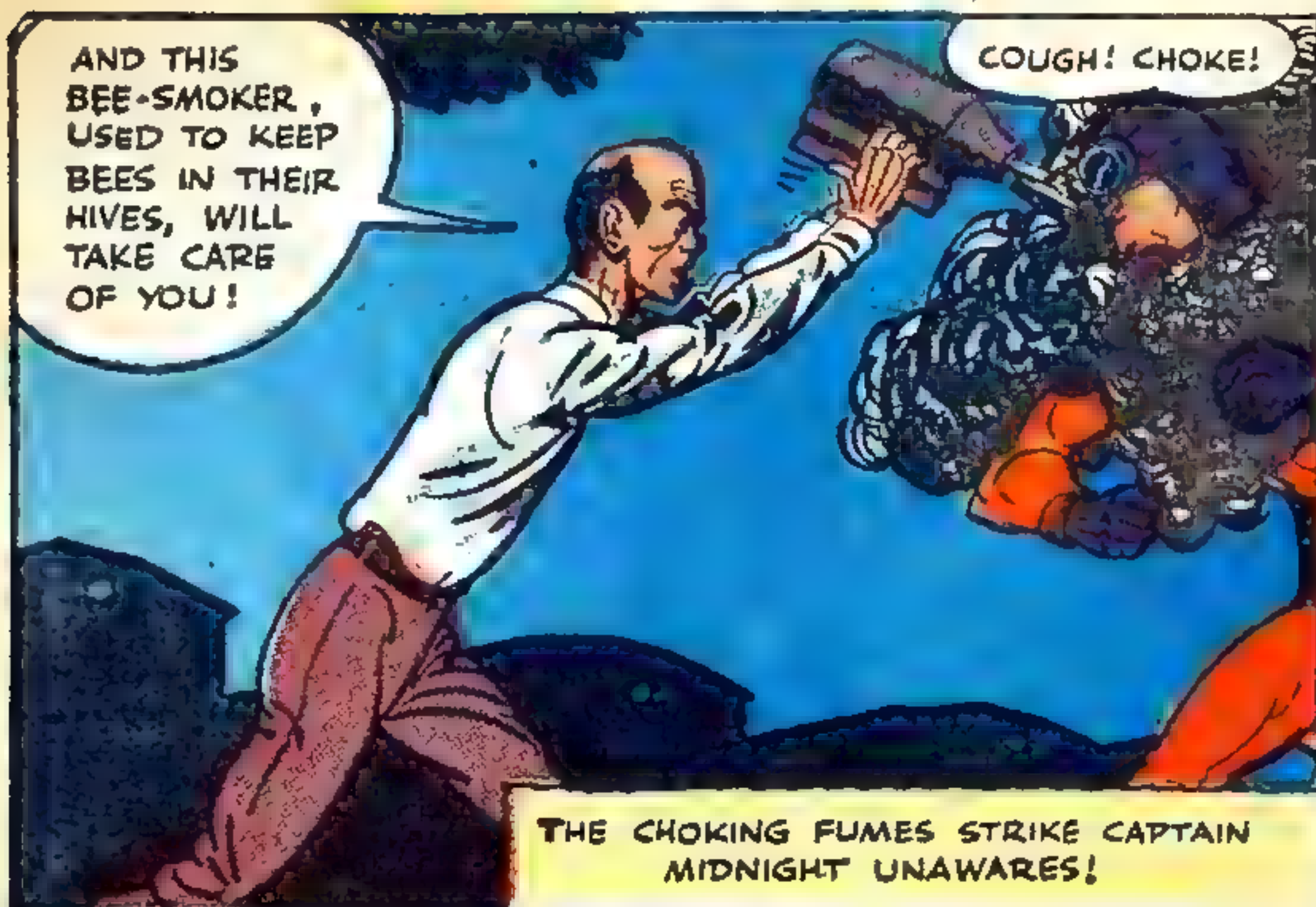


# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



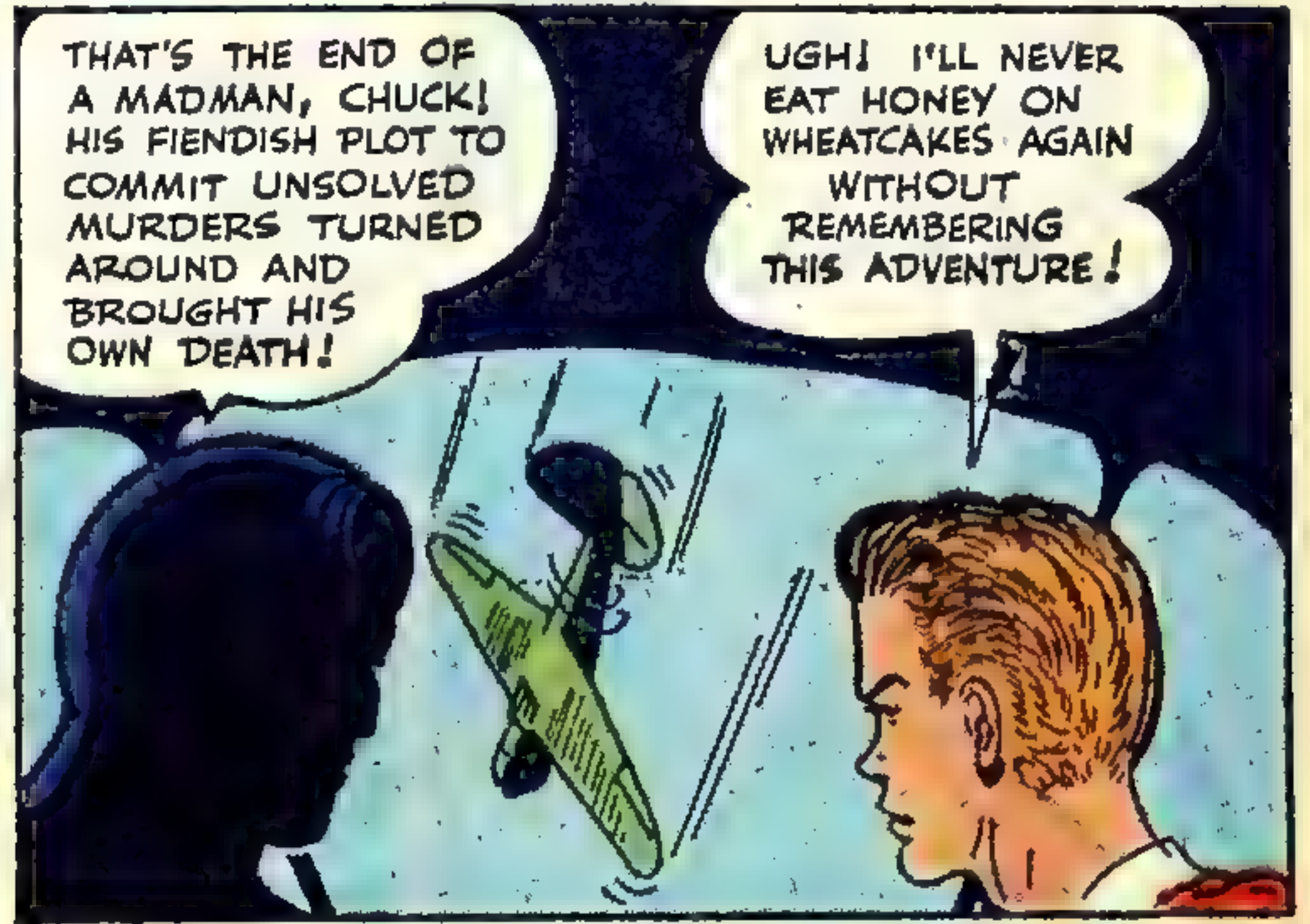
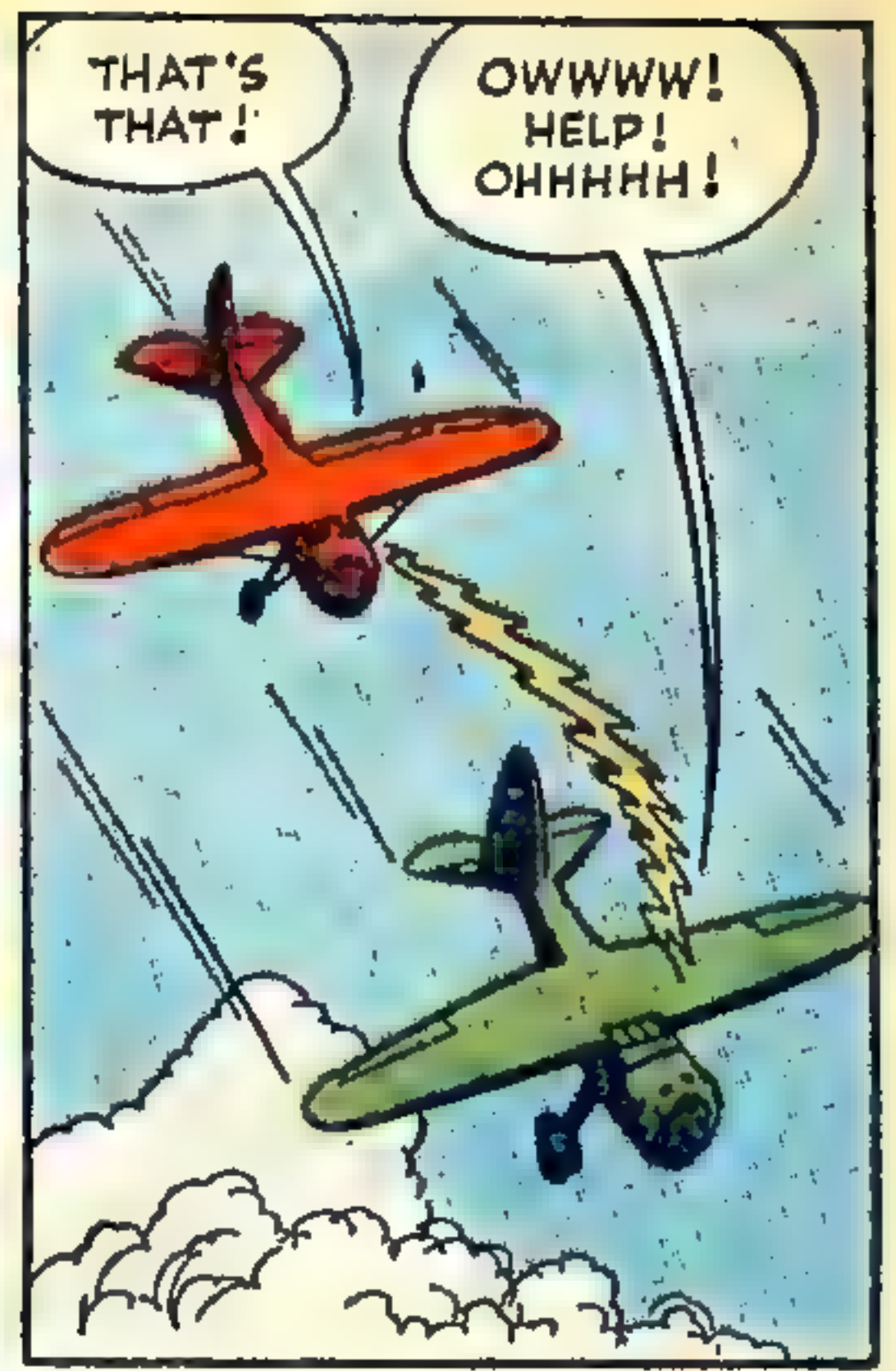


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# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





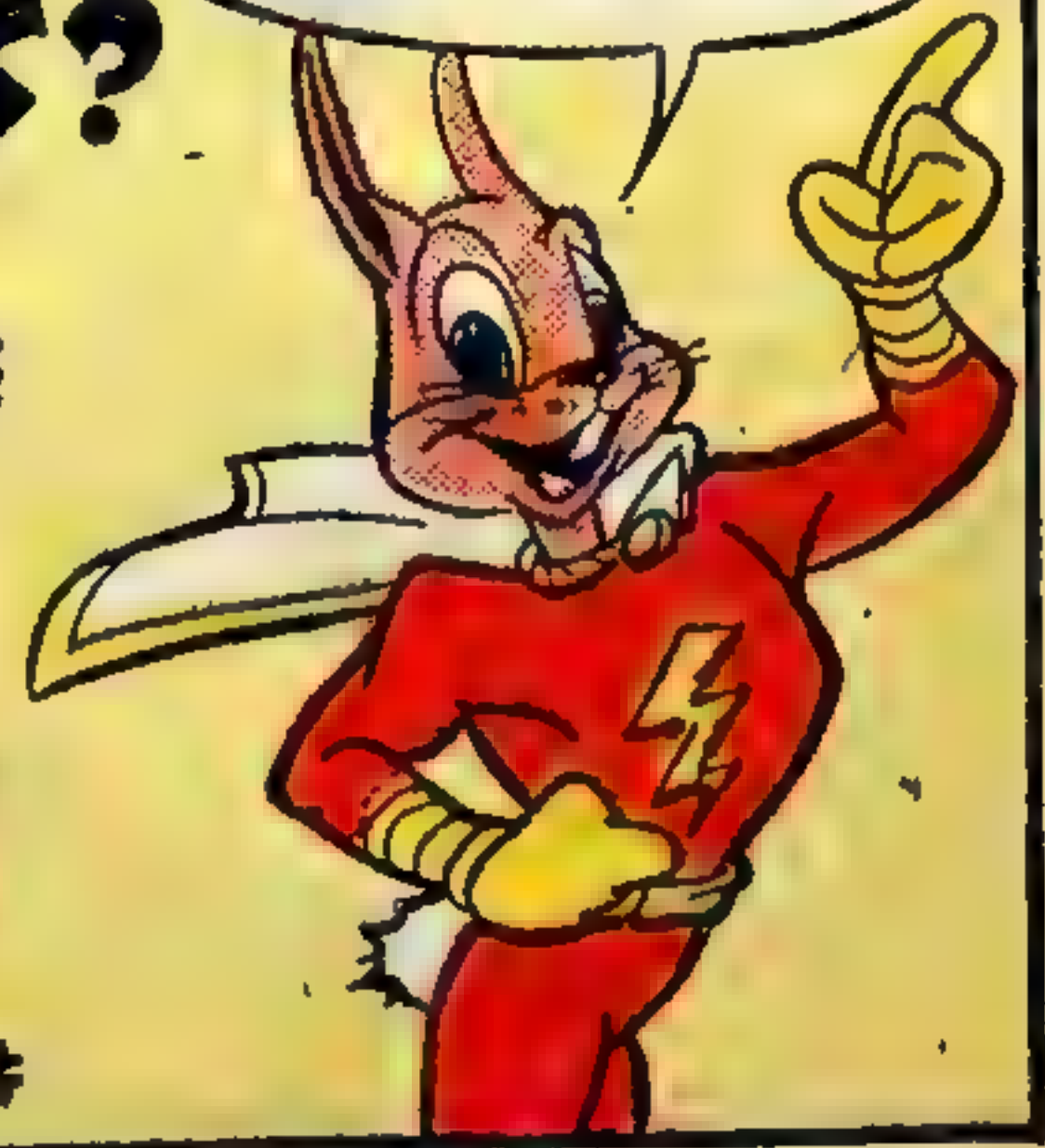
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JUST WANTED THEM TO TIP THEIR HAND! **NOW** WATCH MY SMOKE!

TOO LATE! THEY'RE GOING TO FIRE THAT ROCKET INTO THE ARSENAL!

THAT'S WHAT **THEY** THINK! LOOK!

WHEN I SAY **'VOLTO!'** MY RIGHT ARM ATTRACTS!

WHAT A SHORTSTOP YOU'D MAKE, **VOLTO!**

AND WHEN I SAY **'VOLTO!'** MY LEFT ARM REPELS!

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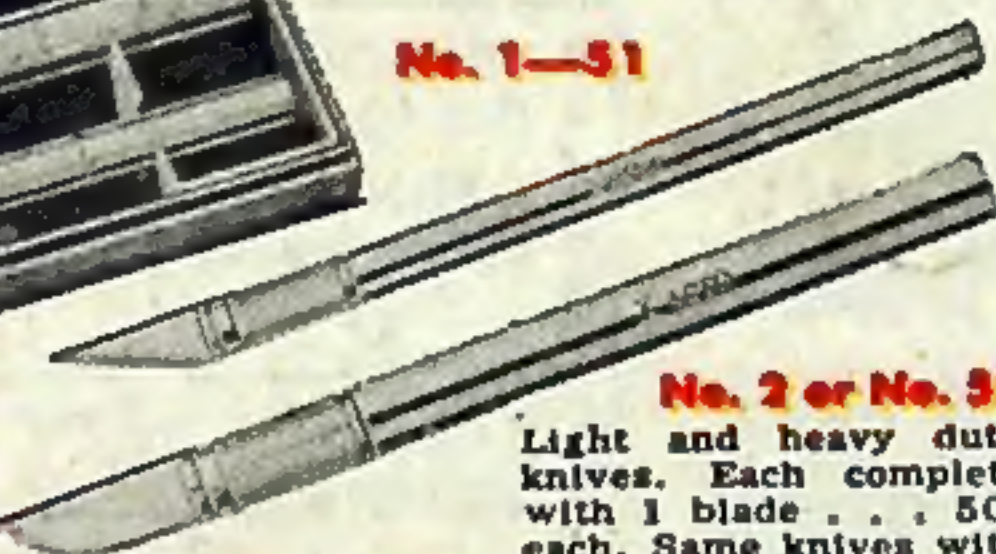
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